



ANNUAL

ALL-STAR SQUADRON



By
ROY THOMAS
AND
JERRY ORDWAY



GUEST-STARRING
INFINITY, INC.



JERRY
ORDWAY

C-439



WINTER, 1942--A WORLD AT WAR! AND AGAINST THE FORCES OF AXIS DARKNESS, THE MIGHTIEST HEROES OF EARTH-TWO HAVE Banded Together, UNDER DIRECT ORDERS OF THE PRESIDENT, AS THE...

ALL-STAR SQUADRON

RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, THEY'VE GOT OTHER PROBLEMS THAN HITLER AND TOJO...

OKAY, ULTRA--I'M BACK, NOW WHAT'S THE STORY?

DON'T PAY HIM NO MIND LADY--I MEAN, BOSS.

I'M GLAD THAT'S THE FINAL TIME I'LL BE BORED BY YOUR FEEBLE PROTESTATIONS OF PATRIOTISM, CYCLOTRON--OR DO YOU PREFER THAT I CALL YOU DR. CURTIS?

BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR INFORMATION IS OUT OF DATE.

FOR THE LAST TIME, ULTRA--CAN'T YOU FORGET THIS INSANE PLAN TO EXORT \$100 MILLION FROM THE GOVERNMENT--NOT TO SABOTAGE ITS WAR EFFORT? *

ALL AROUND THE WORLD RIGHT NOW, THERE ARE PEOPLE DYING IN THE NAME OF FREEDOM, YET YOU--

*AS SEEN IN RECENT ISSUES OF OUR MONTHLY TITLE. --ROY

THAT DEADLINE EXPIRED, MY ASKING PRICE IS NOW DOUBLED!

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"This year--1942--is the critical year
in the history of the United States."

--Donald Nelson,
war production chief

BAD ENOUGH RAG DOLL
AND THE MONOCLE HADDA
LET AMAZING-MAN, HERE,
TAG ALONG BACK--

I LOVE
YOU, TOO,
FELLA.

--NOW HERE COME
FOUR MORE LITTLE
PLAYMATES, IF THAT'S
THE REST OF THE CREW
YA BROUGHT BACK FROM
THE 1980'S. BOSS, YOU
COULDA LEFT 'EM HIGH
AN' DRY, FAR AS I'M
CONCERNED!

FORTUNATELY,
IT WAS ~~NOT~~
YOUR CONCERN.

DEATHBOLT,
AMAZING-MAN,
CYCLOTRON... MAY I
PRESENT THE MIST...
PSYCHO-PIRATE... THE
BRAIN WAVE...AND
VULCAN, SON
OF FIRE.

EACH OF THESE SIX IS FIVE
40 YEARS IN THE FUTURE
FROM A PLACE CALLED L.A.
WHICH I'LL NOT BOTHER
TO EXPLAIN TO YOU.

NOT ALL OF US
ARE AS THICK-
HEADED AS
DEATHBOLT,
ULTRA.

GOOD! NOW HERE'S
WHAT WE'LL DO NEXT...!

STRANGE,
BRAIN WAVE, HOW
THIS ULTRA'S A
WOMAN--AND
THE ONE WE
KNEW BEFORE
WAS A MUTATED
WHITE APE.

MARVELOUS WHAT
FOUR DECADES AND
A BRAIN TRANSPLANT
CAN DO FOR A PERSON,
PSYCHO-PIRATE.

BEFORE WE START,
ULTRA--WE'D LIKE
SOME ASSURANCE
THAT WE'LL EVEN-
TUALLY BE ABLE
TO RETURN TO
THE 1980'S.

CHECK! MOST OF US
SHOULDN'T
EVEN BE
ALIVE IN
1942!

LISTEN, YOU CAN
ALL GO TROT-
TING
BACK TO CHRIS-
TMAS FUTURE,
FAR AS I'M
CONCERNED.

AT LEAST
DEATHBOLT,
CYCLOTRON,
AND I BELONG
IN THIS
ERA...

...SO
WHO
NEEDS
YOU?

THE ULTRA WAR!

DEATHBOLT, AMAZING-MAN, CYCLOTRON... MAY I PRESENT THE MIST... PSYCHO-PIRATE... THE BRAIN WAVE... AND VULCAN, SON OF FIRE.

EACH OF THESE SIX IS FRESH FROM 40 YEARS IN THE FUTURE-- AND FROM A PLACE CALLED LIMBO, WHICH I'LL NOT BOTHER TRYING TO EXPLAIN TO YOU.

NOT ALL OF US ARE AS THICK-HEADED AS DEATHBOLT, ULTRA.

HI, GUYS! HOPE YOU DID AS WELL AS MONOCLE AND ME DID IN L.A.

WE SCARED THE PANTS OFF THEM AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, RAG DOLL.

THE CATACLYSMIC CONCLUSION TO A HALF-YEAR OF THE ALL-STARS' GREATEST EXPLOITS!

NOR WILL THE WAR-WORKERS OF DETROIT EVER BE THE SAME.

ROY THOMAS & JERRY ORDWAY
writer/editor illustrator
GENE D'ANGELO COOY
colorist letterer

LISTEN, YOU CAN ALL GO TROTTING BACK TO CHRIST-- AS FUTURE, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED.

AT LEAST DEATHBOLT, CYCLOTRON, AND I BELONG IN THIS ERA...

...SO WHO NEEDS YOU?

HEY, Y'KNOW-- YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, BOY, FOR A-- UH, I MEAN--

SAVE IT, BOLT... AND YOUR TEETH, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.

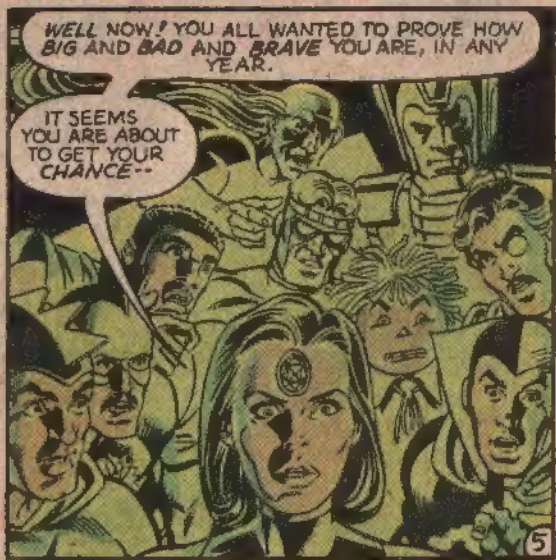
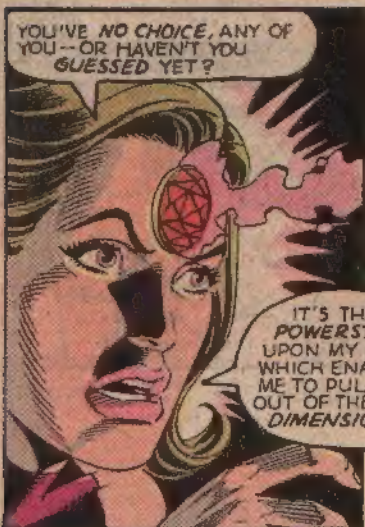
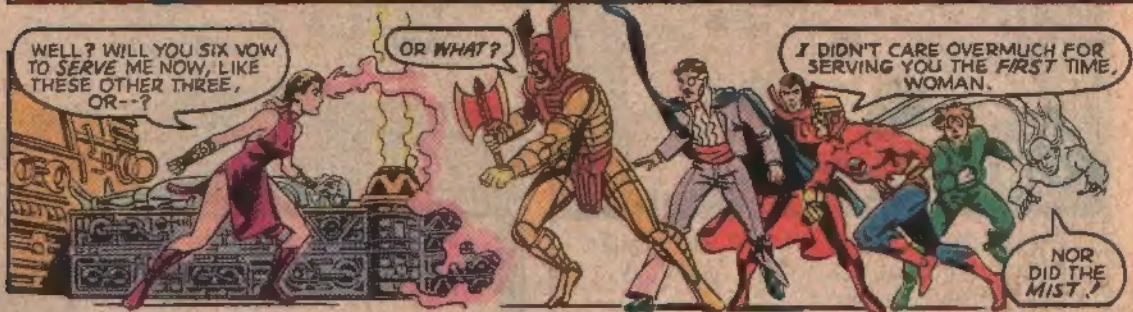
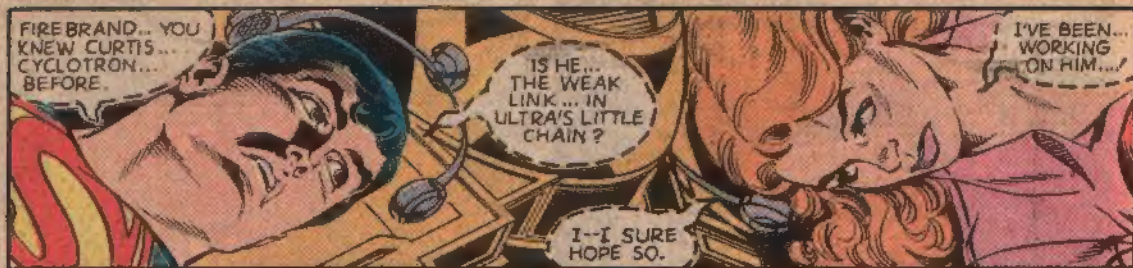
YOU CAN BOTH BLOW IT OUT YOUR EARS! THE ONLY ONE WE TAKE ORDERS FROM IS THE ULTRA-HUMAN-ITE.

YEAH? DON'T FORGET-- THIS MAY BE '42, BUT SHE'S STILL THE SAME ULTRA WHO BETRAYED THE SO-CALLED "SUPER-VILLAINS OF EARTH-ONE" LAST TIME.*

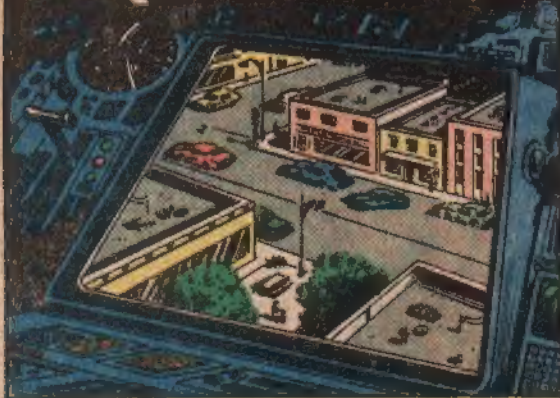
I WOULDN'T TRUST HIM-- OR HER-- ANY FARTHER THAN I CAN THROW HIM!

JLA #195-197 --R. 3





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...AGAINST SEVEN SO-CALLED HEROES OF THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON, WHO ARE EVEN NOW HURTLING OUR WAY!

"NO--WAIT! ONLY SIX OF THEM ARE ALL-STARS. THE OTHER--WHY, HE IS COSTUMED ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE BRAIN--"

--WAVE JR., I HOPE, FOR YOUR SAKE, EVERYTHING YOU TOLD US ABOUT THE ULTRA-HUMANITE AND HIS GANG IS TRUE.

YEAH. OTHERWISE, I'M GONNA SLUG YOU RIGHT BACK INTO THAT FUTURE YOU CLAIM YOU CAME OUT OF!

I DON'T BLAME ANY OF YOU FOR BEING SUSPICIOUS--ESPECIALLY SINCE THE GUARDIAN HERE SAW MY FATHER APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE, AFTER TWO ALL-STARS VANISHED.

THE BRAIN WAVE I SAW WAS BIGGER... OLDER... BUT HE WORE ALMOST THE SAME OUTFIT.

ACTUALLY, EVERYTHING YOU SAW WAS MERELY AN ILLUSION OF HIS... BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER NOW.

YOU KEEPING UP OKAY BACK THERE, JOHNNY?

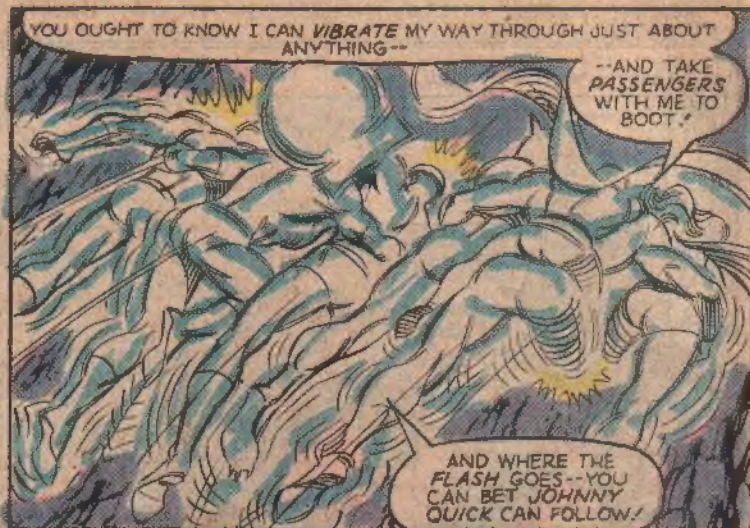
DON'T YOU WORRY YOUR LITTLE WINGED HAT OVER ME, FLASH, OL' PAL. JOHNNY QUICK IS NOBODY'S ALSO-RAN.

I WONDER IF I'M THE ONLY ONE GETTING WINDBURN.

LOOK! UP AHEAD--!

I SEE IT! HARD TO BELIEVE WHAT YOU TOLD US--THAT ULTRA'S HIDE-OUT IS INSIDE A PEACEFUL-LOOKING MOUNTAIN--

--LIKE MOUNT ST. HELEN'S!



THIS IS WHY NOT, FOOLS!

PSYCHO-PIRATE AND RAG DOLL WERE NEVER TRULY THERE!

THEY WERE BUT AN ILLUSION-- CAST BY THE INIMITABLE MIND OF THE BRAIN WAVE!

UHH

SAW

GET THEM, MEN!

WE NEED NO ORDERS FROM YOU TO DO THAT.

I'LL GET THAT ROBIN KID!

HEY-- WHERE'D THAT BRAINWAVE JR. CHARACTER TAKE OFF TO?

DON'T OVER-EXERT YOURSELF, AMAZING-MAN.

MAYBE HE WAS ON THEIR SIDE, ALL ALONG--

--AND THIS WAS JUST A TRAP!

HAVEN'T FOUGHT MANY TRIPLE-JOINTED FOES, HAVE YOU, LADY?

WHOMP!

HEY!

SMILE WHEN YOU MEET ME, CRUMB!

BOOM!

OOOF!

LISTEN, KID--ACT LIKE YOU'RE OUT, SO I CAN LET YOU GO!

HUH? YOU MEAN YOU'RE ON OUR--

8

THANKS FOR HOLDING HIM STILL FOR ME, MAC.

SO IT

MMMF!

LISTEN, DOLLFACE-- I DRAW THE LINE AT HITTING KIDS!

THAT WAS NO KID-- THAT WAS BATMAN'S PARTNER!

GOT THAT PSYCHO GUY BEFORE HE COULD SCARE ANYBODY! NOW TO--

HEY! YA MISSED US BOTH, PUSSYCAT!

DEPENDS ON WHAT YA THOUGHT I WAS AIMIN' AT, RAGGEDY ANDY!

THUMP!

ARRRH--!

WHAT? YOUR SHIELD... DEFYING EVEN THE POWERS OF DEATHBOLT AND MYSELF? WHAT IS IT MADE OF??

TO TELL THE TRUTH-- I DON'T KNOW.

CAN'T SEE-- IF I'M EVEN DOIN' ANYGOOD--!

AS, NEARBY--

YOUR WILL IS STRONG--FOR AN IMPOSTOR!

IMPOSTOR? YOU MEAN YOU STILL DON'T RECOGNIZE--

--YOUR OWN SON!?

ZAP!

BUT THEN, WE'VE NEVER BEEN EXACTLY CLOSE, HAVE WE, DADDY DEAREST?

NOW, IT'S JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME--!

MEANWHILE BEREF OF THE TWO SUPER-SPEEDSTERS..

THE OTHER ALL-STARS ARE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE.

NOW!

CAN'T HIT- WHAT I CAN'T TOUCH! I -OHMM!

ONLY THE TWO OF YOU REMA N. HOW FITTING THAT THE MONOCLE'S SOLAR LENS SHOULD DELIVER THE COUP DE GRACE!

ZZZAKZZAKZZAK

NOT WITH A WILD PITCH LIKE THAT, YOU WON'T

UH.. DON'T LOOK NOW, CRASH-HELMET...

BUT I DON'T THINK HE WAS SHOOTING AT US!

RRRMMBLE

TWO CAN PLAY YOUR GAME, WILDCAT.

THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM--EXCEPT FOR THAT ONE WHO RESEMBLED THE BRAIN WAVE.

WHERE DID THOSE TWO--?

OVER HERE ULTRA-HUMANITE...

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING



AND NONE THE WORSE FOR WEAR, AFTER DISPOSING OF THAT YOUNG FOOL WHO CLAIMED TO BE MY OFFSPRING.

IS THAT WHAT HE CLAIMED? AND HE WAS NOT?



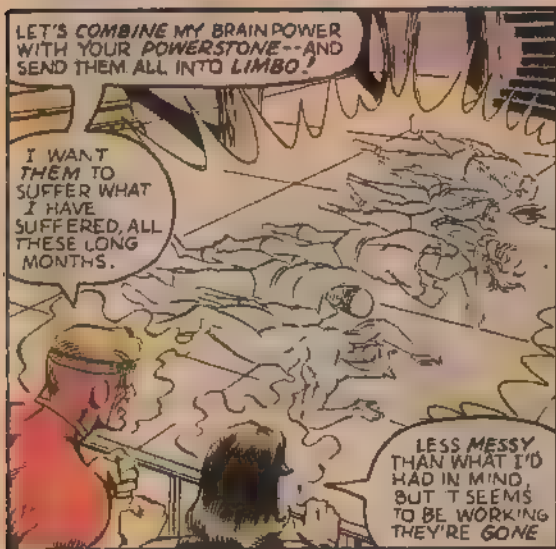
NOW AND FOREVER, ULTRA, THERE IS BUT ONE BRAIN WAY.

SOMETHING EVEN YOU WOULD BE ILL-ADVISED EVER TO FORGET



DON'T THREATEN ME * NOW AS SOON AS WE GET RID OF THESE SIX-!

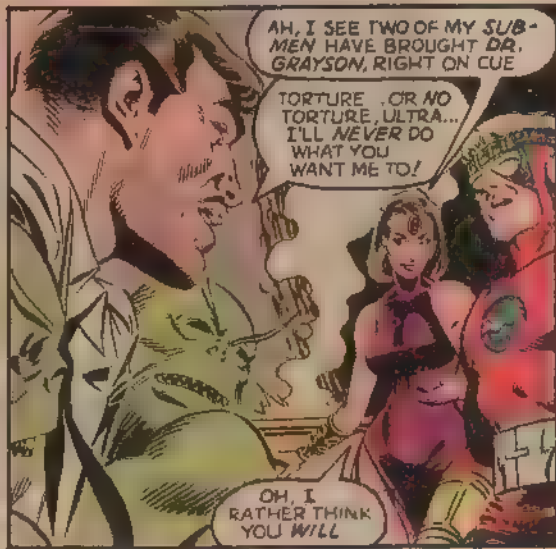
AND I KNOW PRECISELY HOW TO DO IT



LET'S COMBINE MY BRAINPOWER WITH YOUR POWERSTONE--AND SEND THEM ALL INTO LIMBO!

I WANT THEM TO SUFFER WHAT I HAVE SUFFERED, ALL THESE LONG MONTHS.

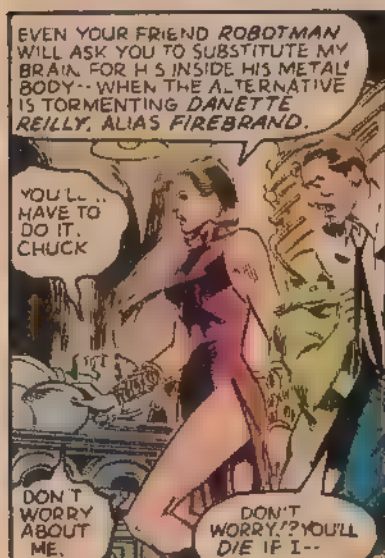
LESS MESSY THAN WHAT I'D HAD IN MIND, BUT T SEEMS TO BE WORKING THEY'RE GONE



AH, I SEE TWO OF MY SUB-MEN HAVE BROUGHT DR. GRAYSON, RIGHT ON CUE

TORTURE, OR NO TORTURE, ULTRA... I'LL NEVER DO WHAT YOU WANT ME TO!

OH, I RATHER THINK YOU WILL



EVEN YOUR FRIEND ROBOTMAN WILL ASK YOU TO SUBSTITUTE MY BRAIN FOR HIS INSIDE HIS METAL BODY-- WHEN THE ALTERNATIVE IS TORTMENTING DANETTE REILLY, ALIAS FIREBRAND.

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT, CHUCK

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.

DON'T WORRY?? YOU'LL DIE IF I--



AND HE'LL DIE IF YOU DON'T, MY DEAR DOCTOR--

--BUT MORE PAINFULLY



LET ME GIVE 'IM MY SPECIAL SHOCK TREATMENT BOSS. I DIDN'T GET MUCH OF A WORKOUT AGAINST THOSE PANTY WAIST ALL-STARS.

NO, YOU'VE NO SENSE OF RESTRAINT, DEATHBOLT

YOU MIGHT IMPAIR GRAYSON'S SKILLS.



NOW TO PACK THE "HAMMER OF THOR"

AH... BACK AMONG THE LIVING DR CURTIS?

YOU KNOW MY ONLY CONCERN IN ALL THIS, ULTRA,



YES... AND DON'T WORRY, AS YOU CAN SEE, MY SUB-MEN ARE DEALING WITH THAT NOW.

CAREFUL WITH THAT! PUT IT ABOARD MY SHIP.



TERRY... WHAT'S SHE TALKING ABOUT? HOW CAN YOU JUST STAND BY... AND LET HER..?

I'VE STOPPED ULTRA FROM KILLING YOU, DANETTE. BELIEVE ME-- THAT'S ALL I COULD DO

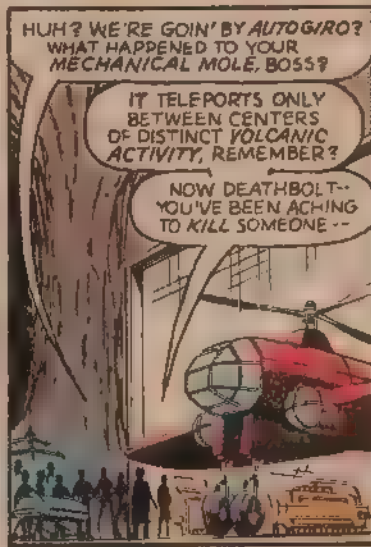
I... DON'T BELIEVE YOU!



HURRY WITH THAT! THOSE TWO MUST BE HOOKED UP QUICKLY TO THE NEW PORTABLE DEVICE, OR -

GIVE ME A HAND AMAZING-MAN

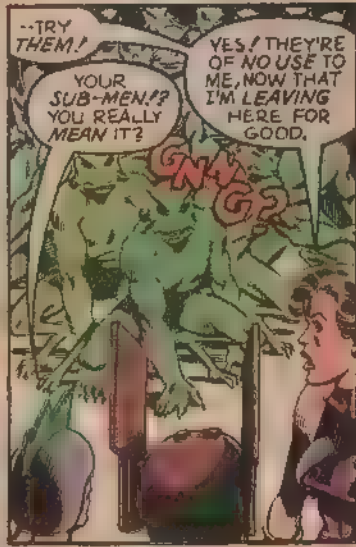
WILL DO.



HUH? WE'RE GOIN' BY AUTOGIRO? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR MECHANICAL MOLE, BOSS?

IT TELEPORTS ONLY BETWEEN CENTERS OF DISTINCT VOLCANIC ACTIVITY, REMEMBER?

NOW DEATHBOLT-- YOU'VE BEEN ACHING TO KILL SOMEONE --



--TRY THEM!

YOUR SUB-MEN!? YOU REALLY MEAN IT?

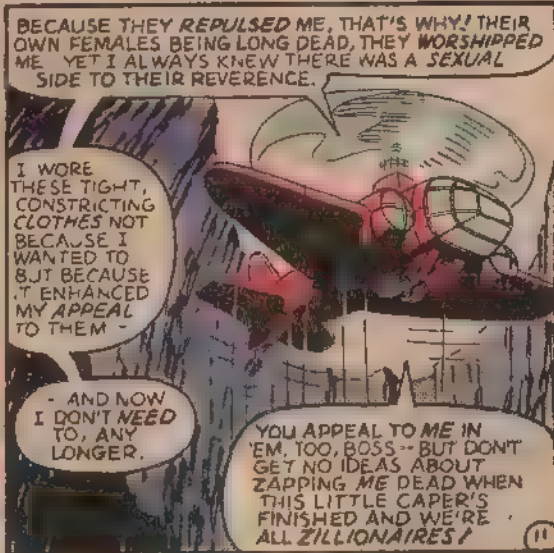
YES! THEY'RE OF NO USE TO ME, NOW THAT I'M LEAVING HERE FOR GOOD.



IF YOU'RE SQUEAMISH DEATHBOLT-- VULCAN IS NOT!

BITE YOUR TONGUE, BUDDY! I JUST WONDERED HOW COME THE BOSS WANTED 'EM FRIED--

--INSTEAD OF JUST DUMPIN' 'EM.



BECAUSE THEY REPULSED ME, THAT'S WHY! THEIR OWN FEMALES BEING LONG DEAD, THEY WORSHIPPED ME. YET I ALWAYS KNEW THERE WAS A SEXUAL SIDE TO THEIR REVERENCE.

I WORE THESE TIGHT, CONSTRICTING CLOTHES NOT BECAUSE I WANTED TO, BUT BECAUSE IT ENHANCED MY APPEAL TO THEM -

- AND NOW I DON'T NEED TO, ANY LONGER.

YOU APPEAL TO ME IN 'EM, TOO, BOSS-- BUT DON'T GET NO IDEAS ABOUT ZAPPING ME DEAD WHEN THIS LITTLE CAPER'S FINISHED AND WE'RE ALL ZILLIONAIRES!

THE AUTOGIRO IS SCARCELY OUT OF SIGHT WHEN A SHADOWY FIGURE APPEARS, HALF STAGGERING, IN THE DOORWAY OF THE ABANDONED LAB-HIDE OUT.

HE LOOKS WITH COOL INDIFFERENCE AT THE CHARRED REMAINS OF THE SUBTERRANEANS, SCATTERED ABOUT THE STONE FLOOR

FOR, HE HAS MORE IMMEDIATE CONCERNS:

EH? THAT BRIGHT LIGHT--!

SOMEONE-- SOMETHING-- COMING THROUGH THE VERY MOUNTAIN ITSELF!

BEST KEEP A DISCREET DISTANCE, UNTIL I--

ZZASSH!

WAIT! I--I KNOW THOSE PEOPLE FROM MY STUDIES!

AT LEAST TWO OF THEM ARE THE HEROES WHO VANISHED INTO LIMBO WHEN THE PSYCHO-PIRATE AND I APPEARED ON THIS PLANE

IF THINGS ARE STARTING TO GO THAT WAY, THEN PERHAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL MY UPSTART OF A SON TEMPORARILY RENDERED ME UNCONSCIOUS--AND TOOK MY PLACE WITH ULTRA

WHETHER I'M DESTINED TO REMAIN IN 1942--OR RETURN TO 1983--I'LL HAVE NO MORE TO DO WITH HIS MAD SCHEME

IF HE'S GOING UP AGAINST THE WHOLE ALL-STAR SQUADRON, AT LEAST HE'S GOING TO DO IT WITHOUT THE BRAIN WAVE!

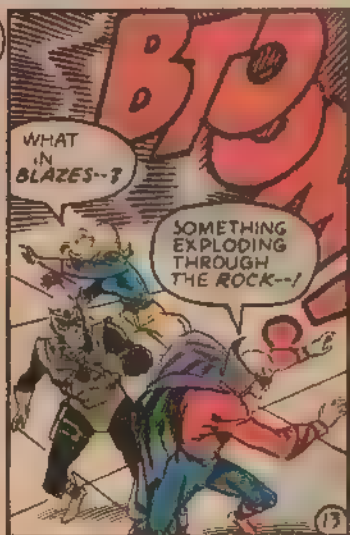
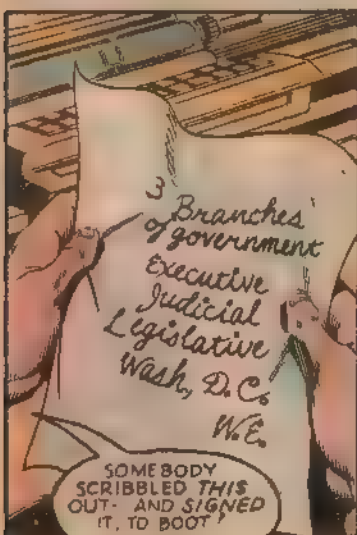
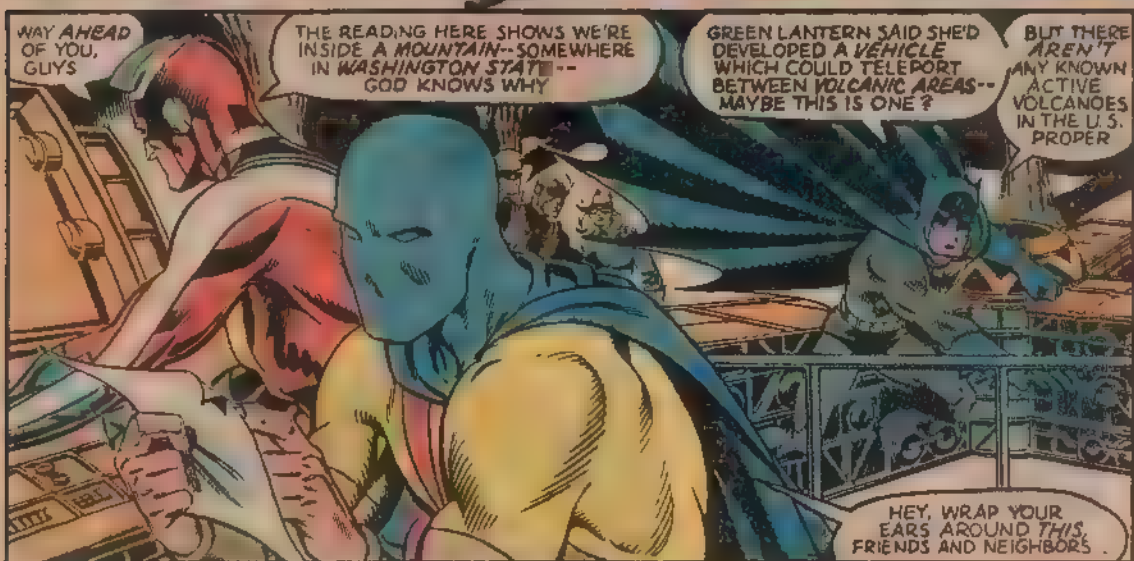
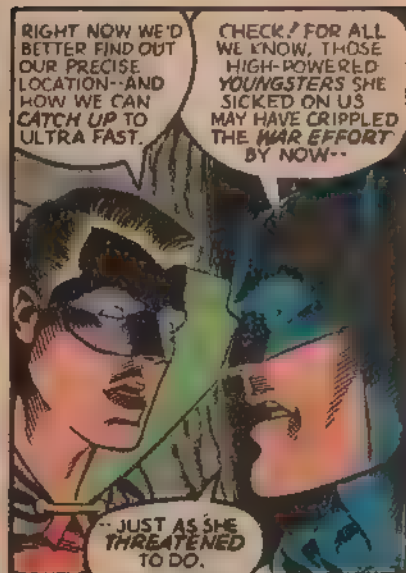
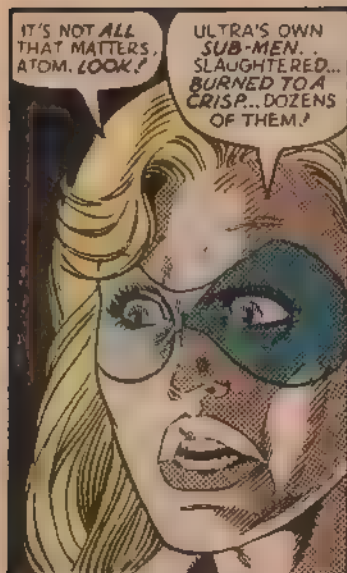
WELL, WE'RE BACK-- BUT I'M NOT SURE JUST WHERE WE ARE.

I'M NOT EVEN CERTAIN WHERE WE'VE BEEN!

OFFHAND, TARANTULA, I'D SAY TOUCHING THOSE COSTUMED YOUNGSTERS HURLED US STRAIGHT INTO ANOTHER WORLD.

SOME WORLD! JUST DARKNESS AND MIST ALL AROUND!

LISTEN, IF WE'RE REALLY HOME FREE, ISN'T THAT WHAT COUNTS?



MY RING SHOULD TAKE CARE OF WHOEVER -- MUM?

IT'S THOSE COSTUMED KIDS WE TACKLED BEFORE -- THE ONES WHO SENT US INTO OBLIVION!

THEN LET'S FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ROBIN AND THE OTHERS!

WE WILL, BATMAN -- IF WE HAVETA KNOCK IT OUT OF THEM!

NO -- WAIT!

WE'LL START WITH YOU, YOUNG LADY -- JADE WASN'T IT? IF I HAVE TO TAKE YOU OVER MY KNEE --

YOU BLEW IT, JADE! YOU KNOW WE AGREED WE WOULDN'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT --

I KNOW SCARAB, I KNOW! IT JUST SLIPPED OUT.

LOOK ALL-STAR! THE MAIN THING IS -- WE'RE HERE TO JOIN FORCES WITH YOU AGAINST ULTRA!

AND WHY SHOULD WE BELIEVE YOU AFTER?

HOLD T DADDY -- PLEASE! THERE'S NO TIME -- OR REASON FOR US TO FIGHT.

DADDY?? WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??

WAT STEEL! I MET THAT BRAINWAVE UR "REMEMBER?"

AND SO ARE WE!

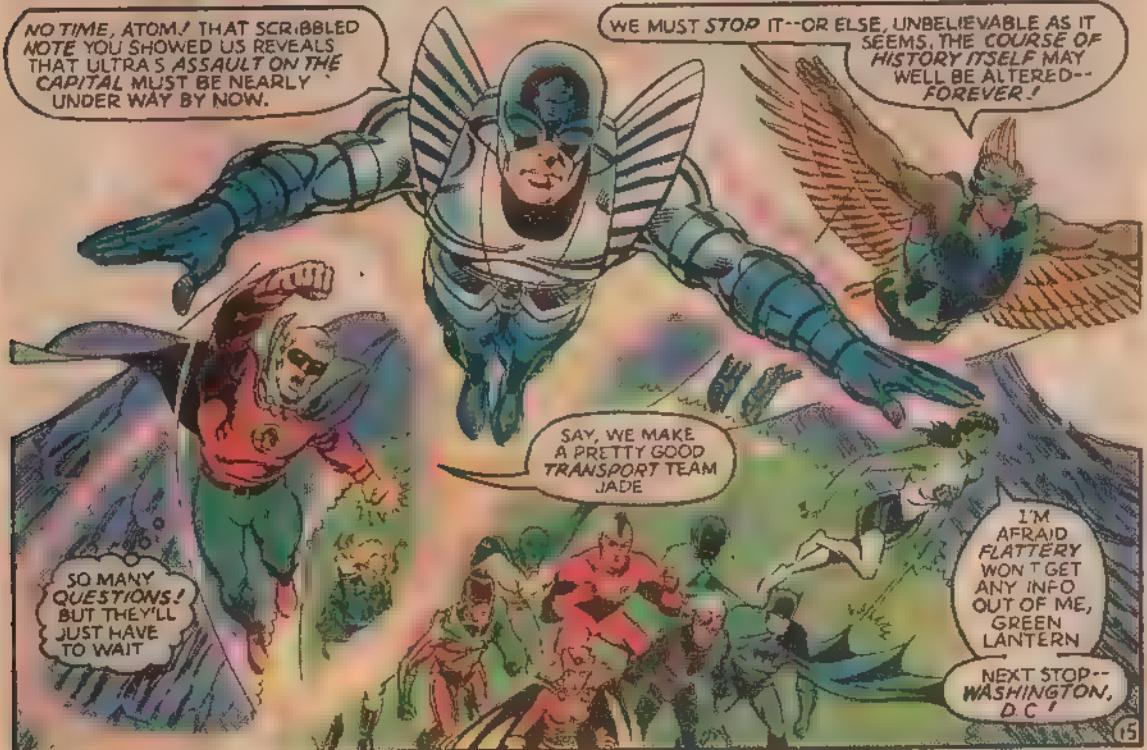
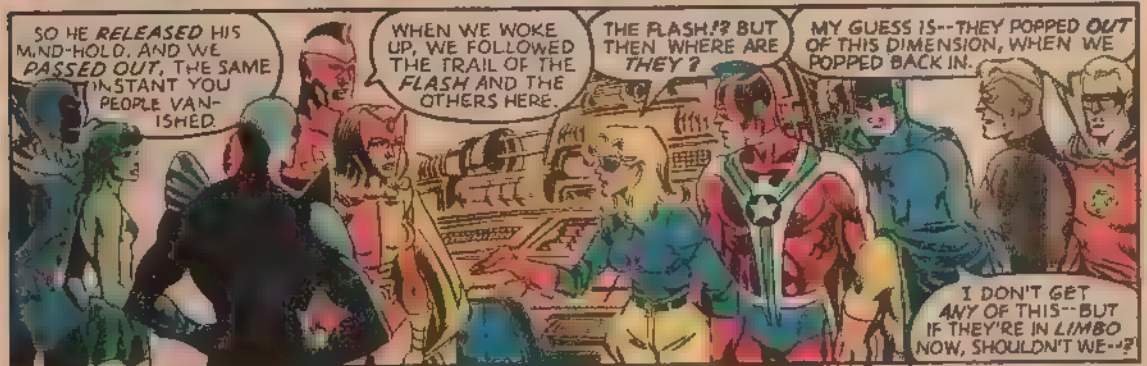
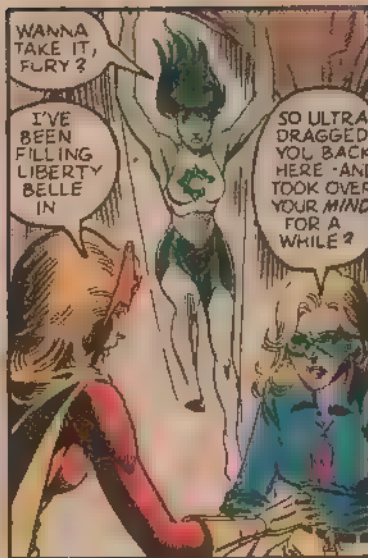
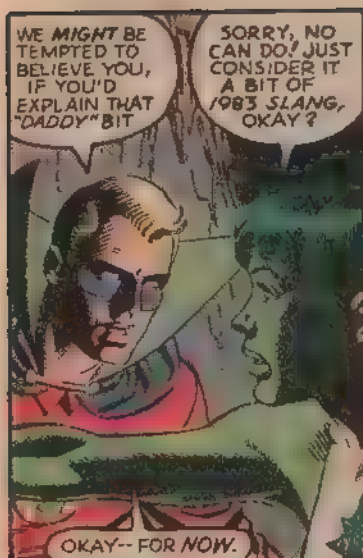
AND EVERYTHING HE SAID CONVINCED ME HE WAS FROM FORTY YEARS IN THE FUTURE SO --

IT'S JUST NOT POSSIBLE!

IT'S TRUE, JUST THE SAME!

ISSUE # 24
RCL

14



FOR US HOWEVER, THE NEXT
DESTINATION IS NEW YORK CITY



WHERE, ON THIS FEBRUARY,
1942, AFTERNOON, THE WINDS
OF WAR BLOW MADDENINGLY
THROUGH CONCRETE CANYONS,
UNBEKNOWNST TO THE
SCURRYING DENIZENS OUTSIDE
A GREAT METROPOLITAN
HOSPITAL.

NOT THE WINDS
OF WORLD WAR
TWO ITSELF,
SO MUCH...

...AS THE WINDS OF THE ULTRA WAR

MY GOD, WOMAN--THERE
ARE SICK PEOPLE HERE--
DYING PEOPLE--YET
YOU'VE TAKEN THIS
OPERATING ROOM
OVER, JUST TO--

TRANSFERRING MY
INCOMPARABLE BRAIN
INTO ROBOTMAN'S SHELL
WILL MAKE MEDICAL
HISTORY, AS WELL AS
POLITICAL, DR.
GRAYSON.

MOVE IT,
DOC--IF YOU
WANNA USE THEM
PRETTY, TAPERIN'
HANDS FOR
SURGERY AGAIN!

MMFF!

TAKE IT EASY,
DEATHBOLT!

A TERRIFIED
BRAIN SURGEON'S
NOT EXACTLY WHAT
ULTRA'S GOT IN
MIND TO PERFORM
THIS OPERATION.

PART
II

**DIVIDE FOR
CONQUEST!**

ACTUALLY, IT'S GRAYSON WHO'LL PERFORM THE OPERATION; THE OTHERS WILL MERELY ASSIST.

NO!
I WON'T--
ARRRGH!

HE'S STUBBORN
AS A MISSOURI
MULE, BOSS. WHY
DON'T YOU TURN
ME LOOSE ON 'IM
FOR A MINUTE?

LET HER DO
HER WORST
TO ME, BOB

ULTRA,
IF YOU
LET... THAT
SADIST, HURT
GRAYSON...

OH, I'LL
DO MY WORST,
ALL RIGHT, MY
DEAR DOCTOR--

--BUT
NOT TO
YOU!

AAAAA

THAT'S IT! I'VE
HELD BACK AS
LONG AS I
CAN STAND
IT.

SHE'LL TORTURE THOSE
POOR DEVILS TILL
GRAYSON GIVES IN,
UNLESS--

P-PLEASE--
STOP IT--!

ULTRA!
THIS PARTY'S
OVER--

--AS OF
RIGHT NOW!

SO, YOU ARE REALLY A SOFT-
HEARTED FOOL--AS I'D SUSPECTED!

I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
'IM, ULTRA!

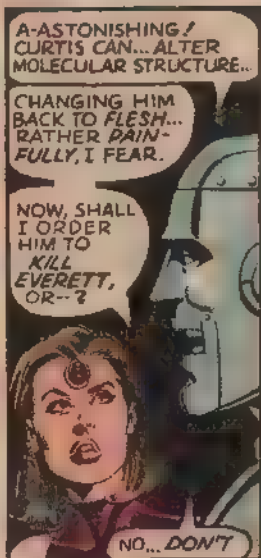
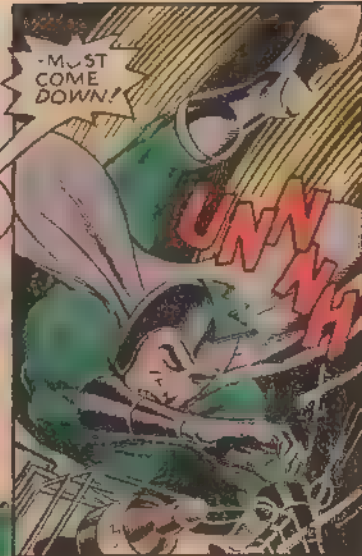
JUST WHAT I
WANTED! SHE'S
LETTING DEATHBOLT
DO HER DIRTY
WORK AGAIN.

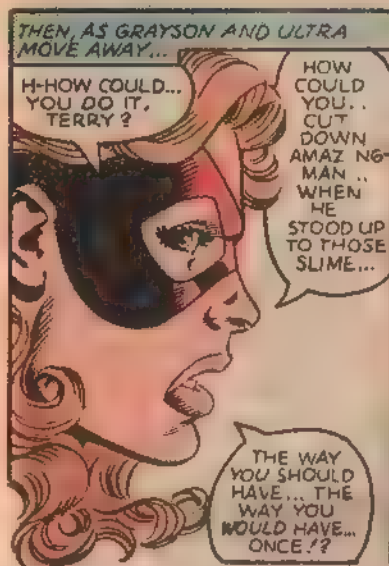
I DOUBT I'D BE ABLE
TO STAND UP TO WHATEVER
CHARGE THAT POWERSTONE
IN HER FOREHEAD GIVES HER--

--BUT RUBBER'S A
NON-CONDUCTOR,
AND NOW THAT I'VE
DONE SOME LAYING-
ON OF HANDS--!

ZT
SL

HUM? I'M
ZAPPIN' HIM
WITH ENOUGH
VOLTAGE TO
LIGHT UP THE
STATE-- AN'
HE'S STILL
STANDING!



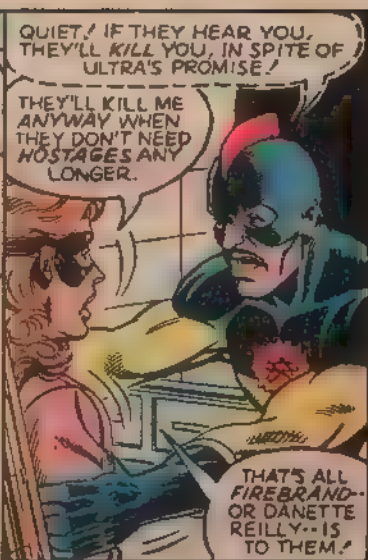


THEN, AS GRAYSON AND ULTRA MOVE AWAY...

H-HOW COULD... YOU DO IT, TERRY?

HOW COULD YOU... CUT DOWN AMAZING MAN... WHEN HE STOOD UP TO THOSE SLIME...

THE WAY YOU SHOULD HAVE... THE WAY YOU WOULD HAVE... ONCE??



QUIET! IF THEY HEAR YOU, THEY'LL KILL YOU, IN SPITE OF ULTRA'S PROMISE!

THEY'LL KILL ME ANYWAY WHEN THEY DON'T NEED HOSTAGES ANY LONGER.

THAT'S ALL FIREBRAND-- OR DANETTE REILLY-- IS TO THEM!

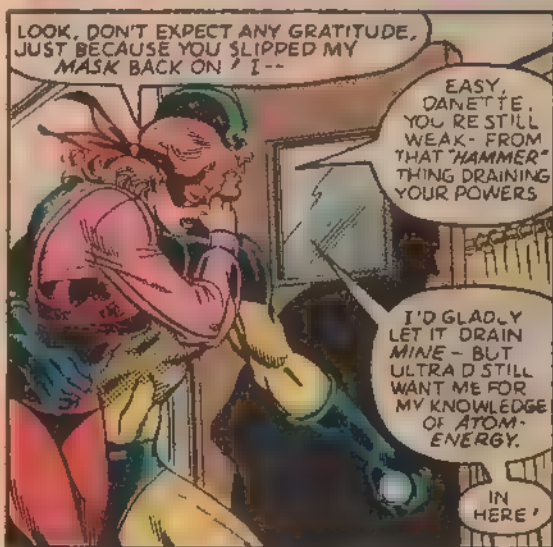


BUT IT'S NOT ALL YOU ARE TO ME-- ONLY--

NO USE! I'VE GOT TO SHOW YOU-- SO YOU'LL UNDERSTAND

WH--?

JUST LEAN ON ME-- AND KEEP QUIET!

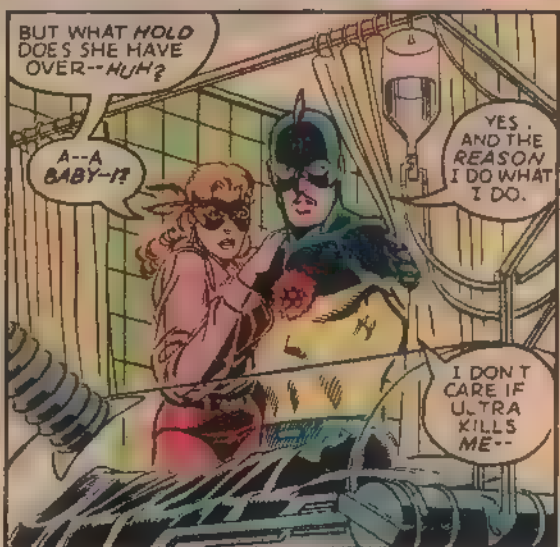


LOOK, DON'T EXPECT ANY GRATITUDE, JUST BECAUSE YOU SLIPPED MY MASK BACK ON 'I--

EASY, DANETTE. YOU'RE STILL WEAK-- FROM THAT 'HAMMER'-THING DRAINING YOUR POWERS

I'D GLADLY LET IT DRAIN MINE-- BUT ULTRA'D STILL WANT ME FOR MY KNOWLEDGE OF ATOM-ENERGY.

IN HERE!

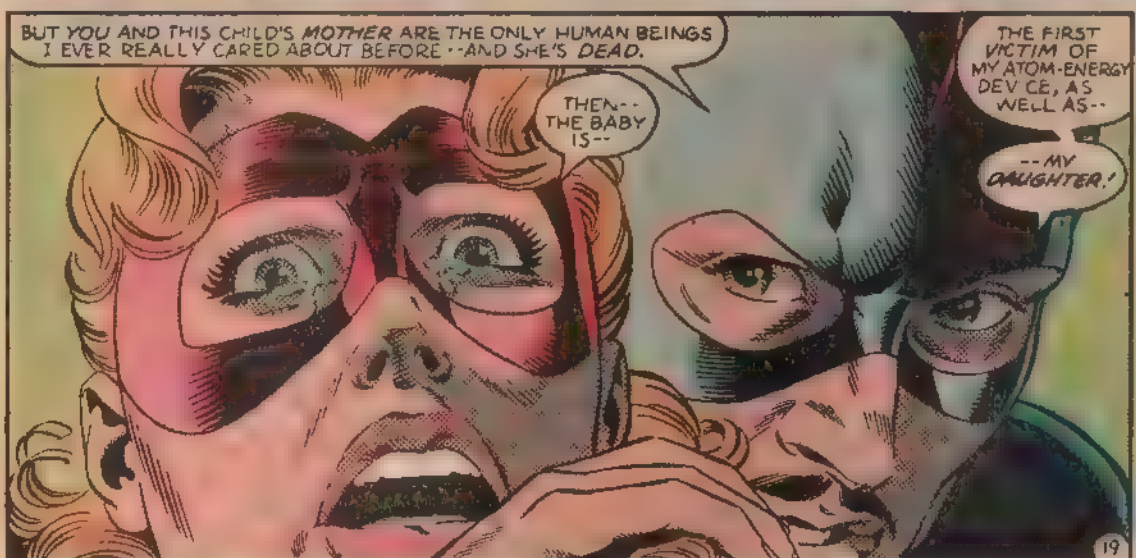


BUT WHAT HOLD DOES SHE HAVE OVER-- HUH?

A--A BABY--?

YES, AND THE REASON I DO WHAT I DO.

I DON'T CARE IF ULTRA KILLS ME--



BUT YOU AND THIS CHILD'S MOTHER ARE THE ONLY HUMAN BEINGS I EVER REALLY CARED ABOUT BEFORE--AND SHE'S DEAD.

THEN-- THE BABY IS--

THE FIRST VICTIM OF MY ATOM-ENERGY DEVICE, AS WELL AS--

--MY DAUGHTER!

THE SUPREME COURT
BUILDING, WASHINGTON
D.C.

THE FOUNDING FATHERS
THOUGHT IT WISE TO
DIVIDE THE FEDERAL
GOVERNMENT INTO
THREE BRANCHES...SO
THAT NO ONE MAN, OR
GROUP OF MEN, COULD
EVER GAIN FULL CONTROL.



IT'S AN ARRANGEMENT
WHICH HAS WORKED
MORE OR LESS WELL...
UNTIL TODAY.

BUT THEN, BEN
FRANKLIN AND
OTHERS HAD TO DEAL
WITH... THE ULTRA-
HUMANITE.

.. HOWEVER, IN THE CASE OF MARBURY VS. MADISON, WHICH THIS COURT DECIDED IN 1803...



THAT CASE--AND
ALL OTHERS--IS NO
LONGER RELEVANT!

EH?

YOUR HONORS, I DON'T
KNOW WHERE THAT VOICE
CAME FROM, BUT I
REALLY MUST PROTEST--

GOOD LORD!
WHAT--?



THAT BEAM OF LIGHT--
IT CAME RIGHT
THROUGH THE WALL!

DON'T WORRY,
SIR-- WE'LL
SUHNN!

I'D SAY BANDAGING
YOUR JAWS SHOULD BE
THE FIRST ITEM ON
YOUR AGENDA, BOYS--
IN-BLUE.

THE COURT IS NOW IN
SESSION-- OUR STYLE,
MONOCLE.



WHAT'S THE MEANING
OF THIS??

WHY, CAN'T YOU
GUESS, JUDGE? I'VE
BEEN SENT
TO KILL
YOU
"NINE
OLD
MEN"--

--WHICH SHOULD TAKE
PRECISELY ONE MORE
OPTICAL BLAST!

W-WAIT!
I--

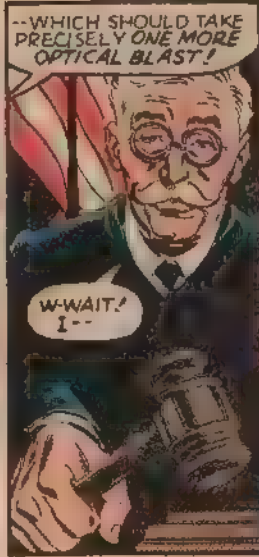
NO, CHIEF JUSTICE--LET
HIM GET IT OUT
OF HIS
SYSTEM!

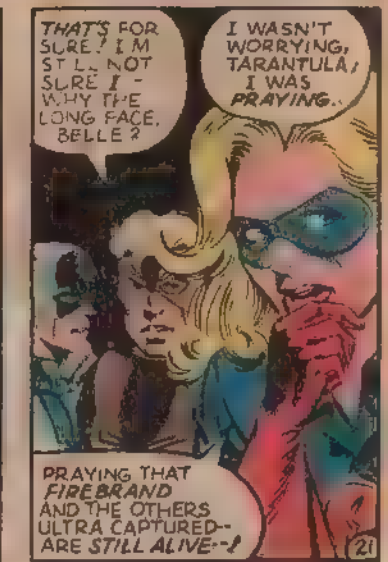
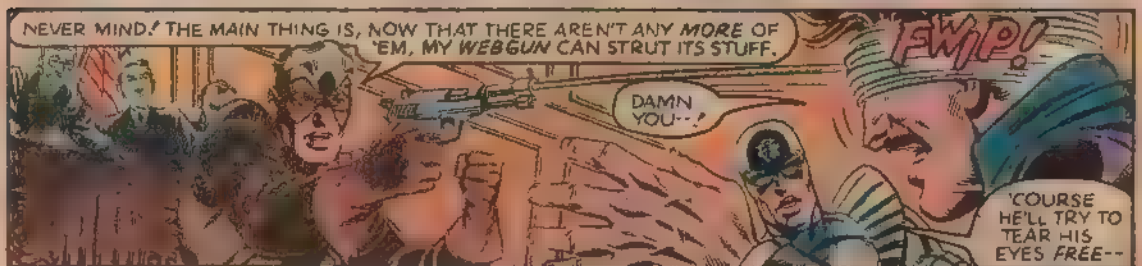
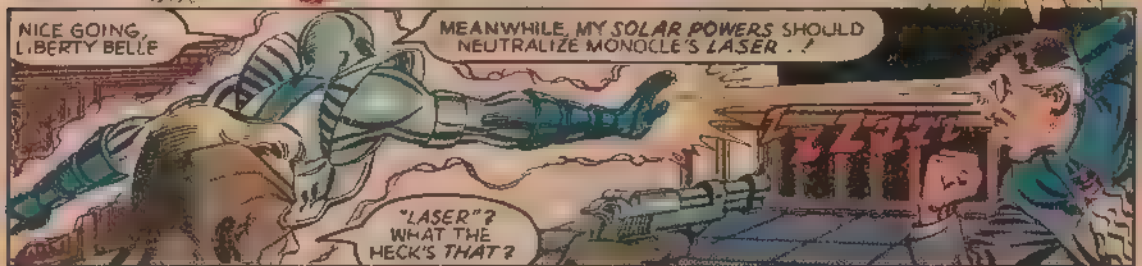
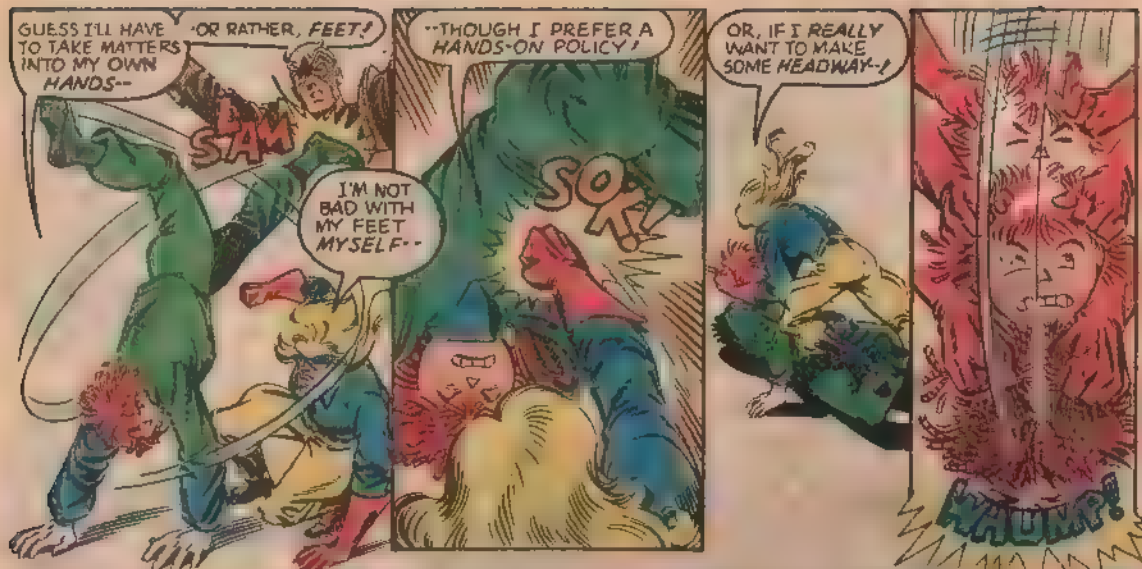
DID YOU WARN HIM
ABOUT US, TOO, FELLAS?

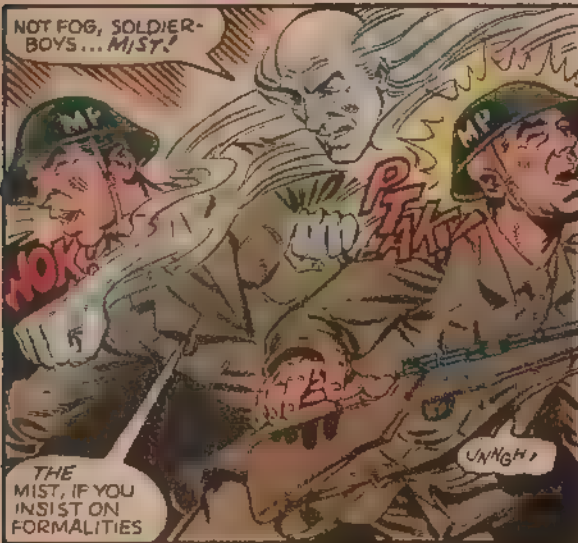
OR ABOUT WHAT
WE'RE NOW
GONNA DO
TO YOU?

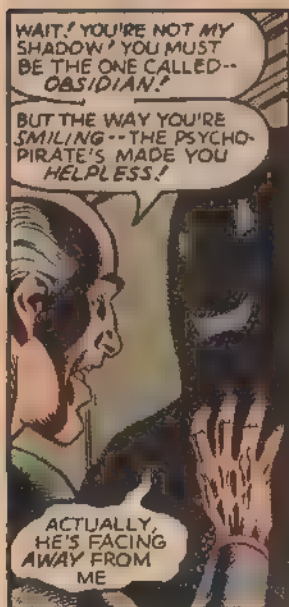
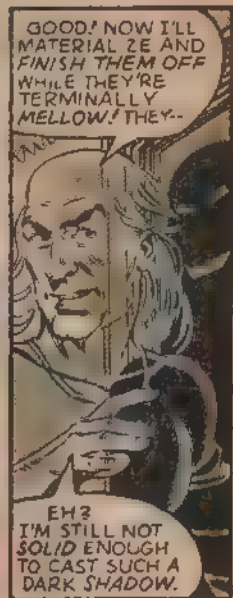
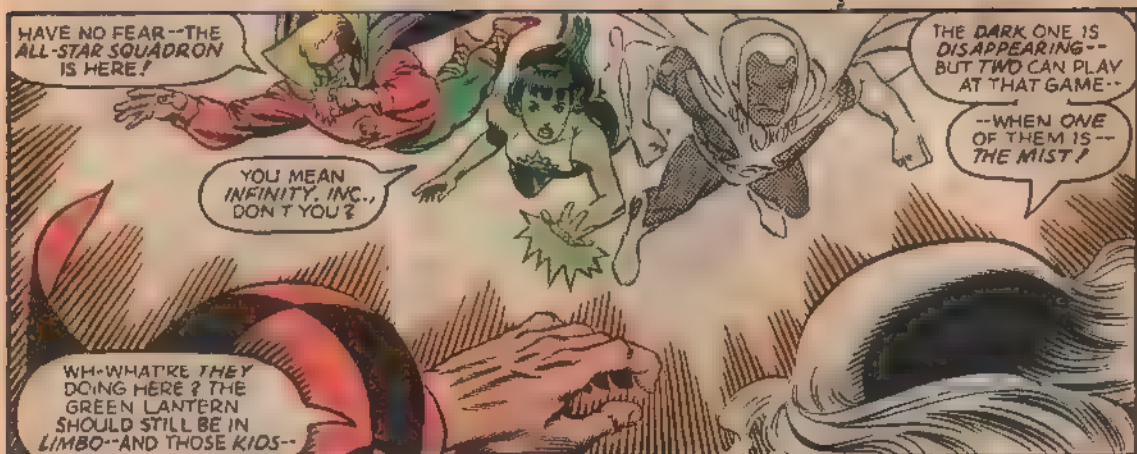
YOU? I
TOLD
ULTRA HE
SHOULDN'T
HAVE PULLED
YOU YOUNG
FOOLS BACK
FROM THE
FUTURE!

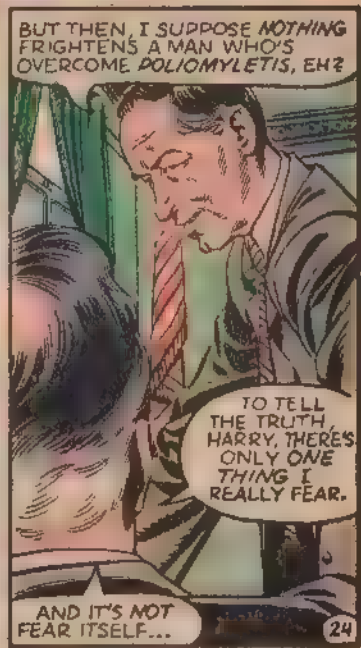
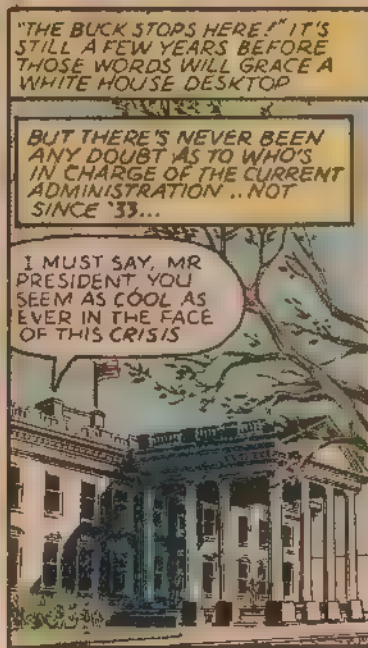
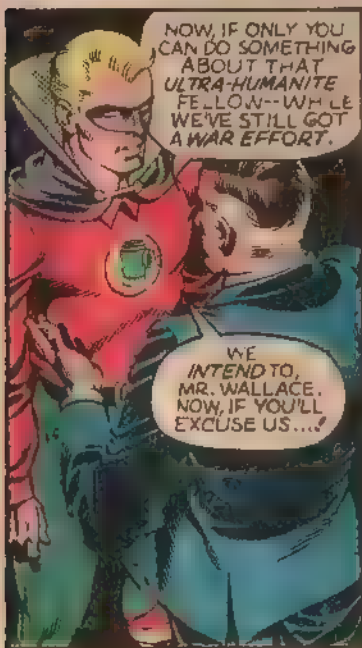
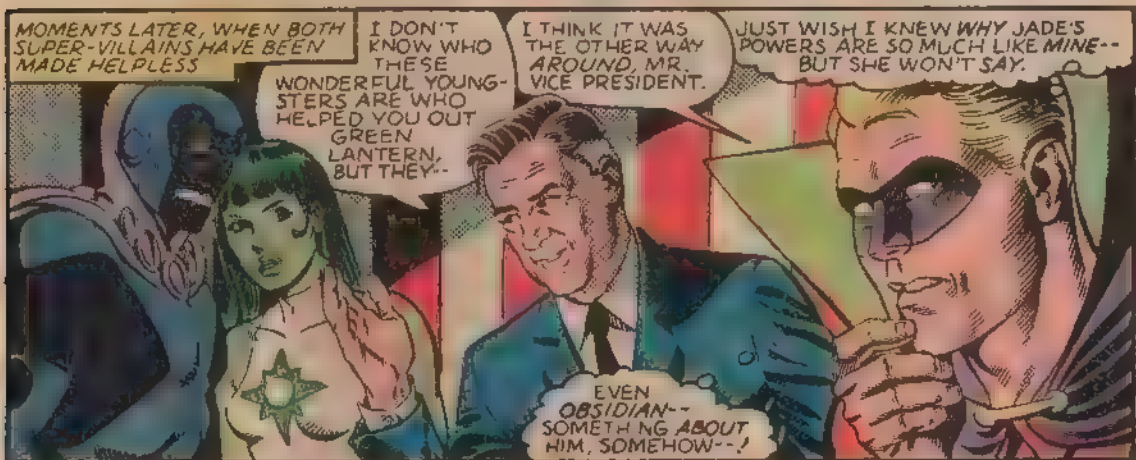
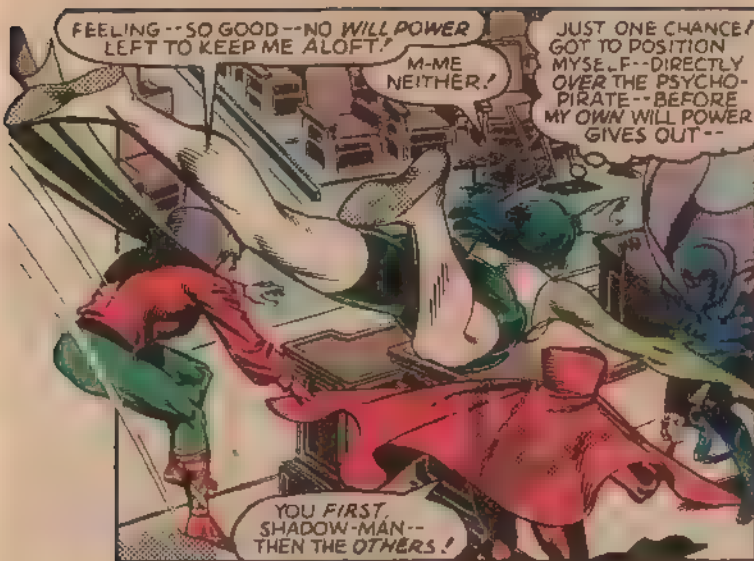
MORE
MEDDLERS!

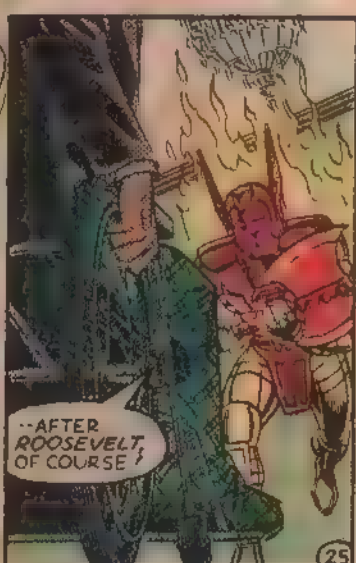
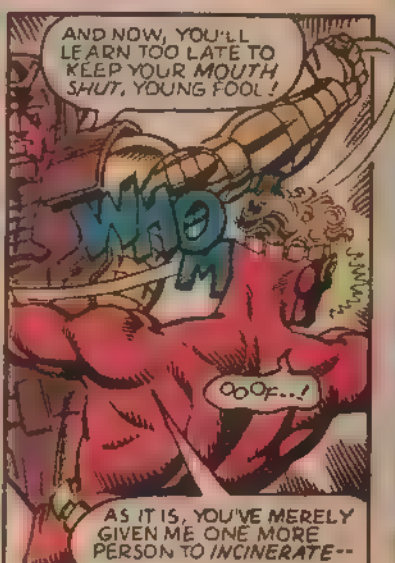
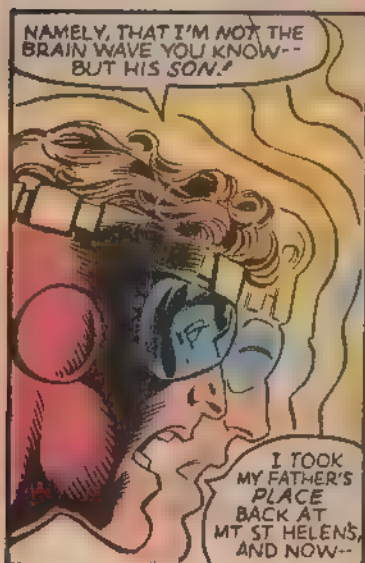
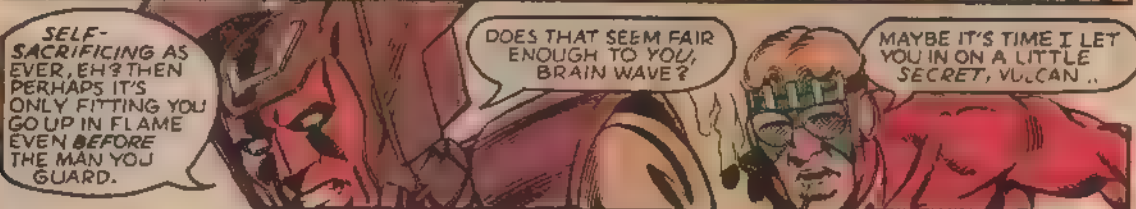
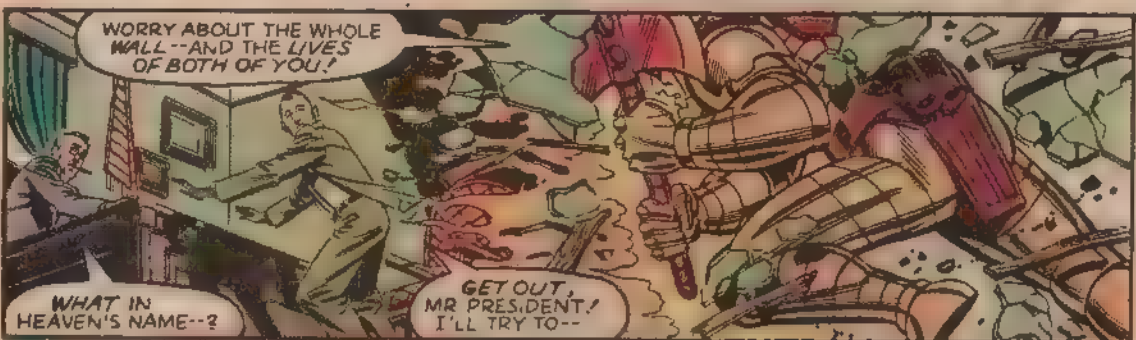
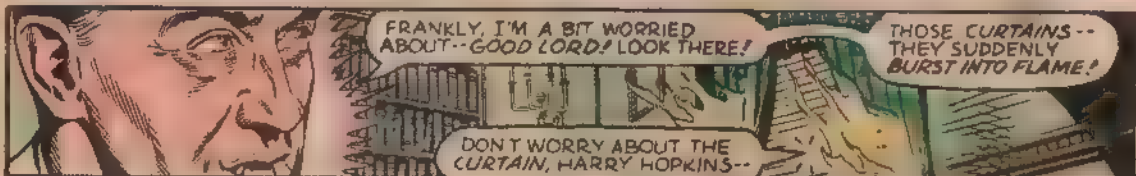
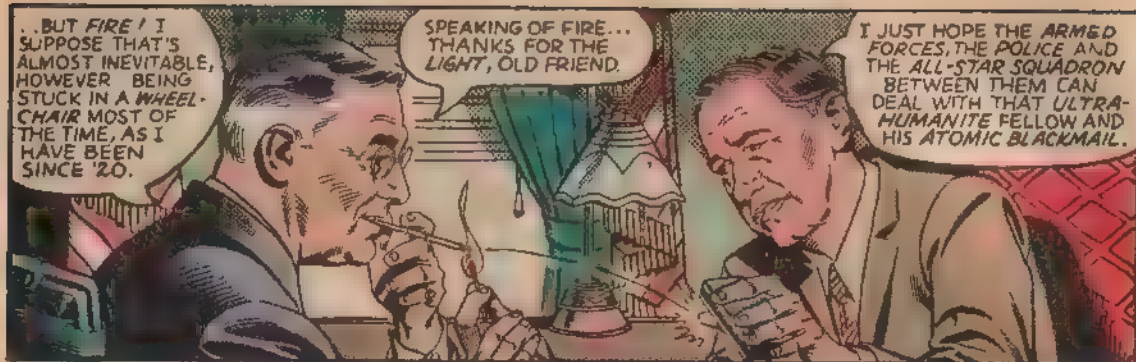


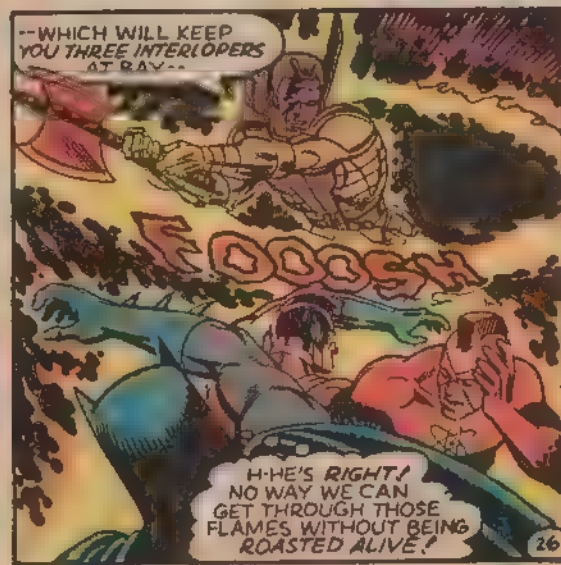
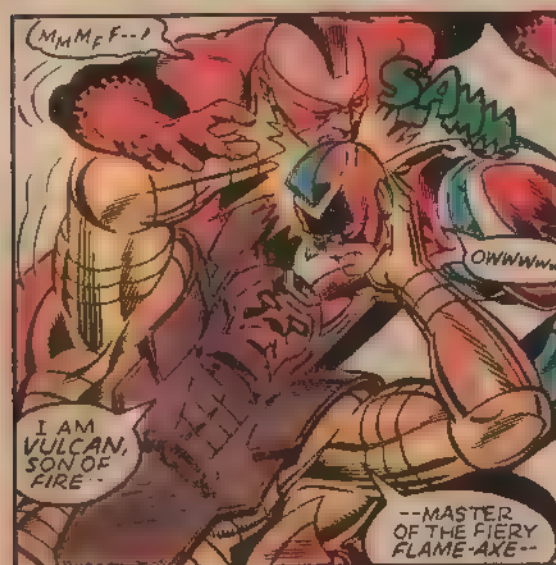
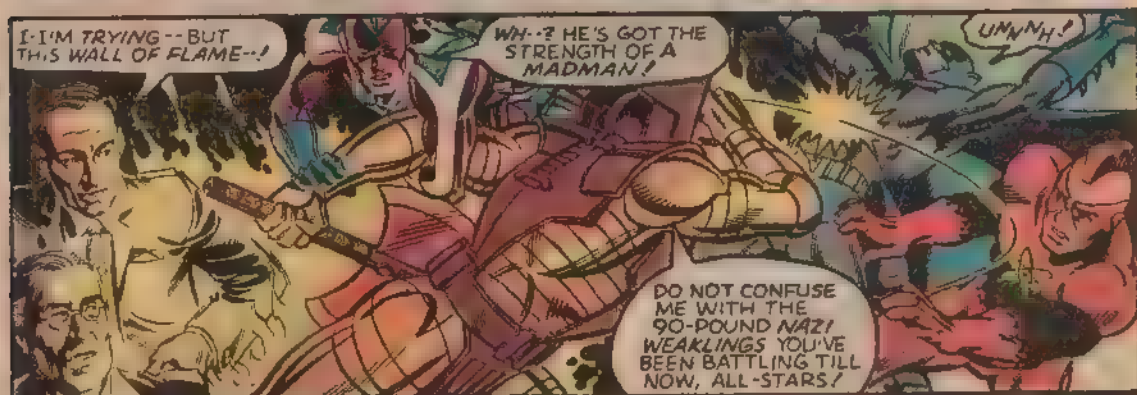
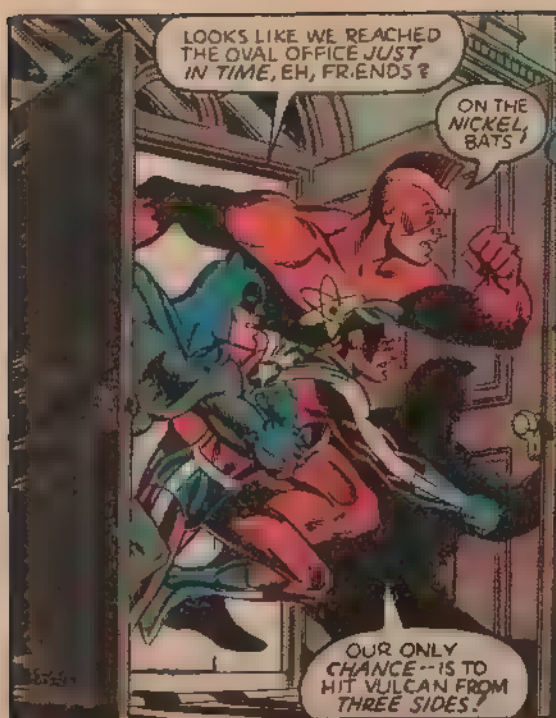


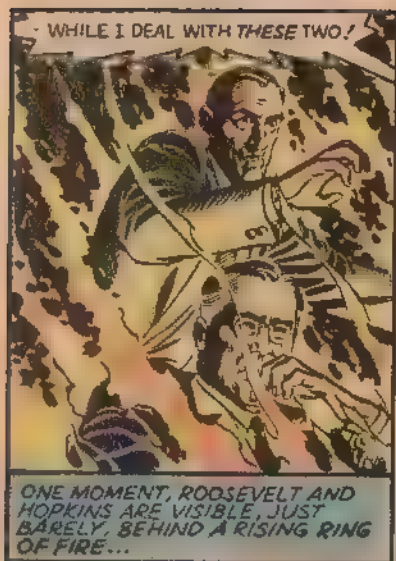












WHILE I DEAL WITH THESE TWO!

ONE MOMENT, ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS ARE VISIBLE, JUST BARELY, BEHIND A RISING RING OF FIRE...

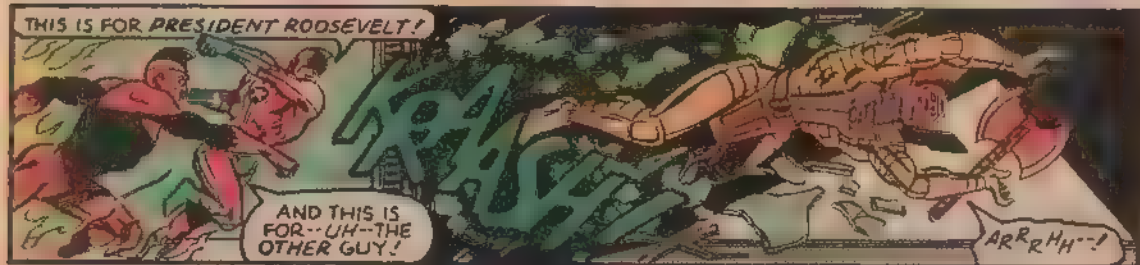


THE NEXT, THEIR FIGURES ARE ENGULFED, SWALLOWED UP IN WAVERING CRIMSON-- AS IF THEY NEVER WERE!



THEY'RE-- DEAD! THE HISTORY BOOKS DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING-- ABOUT THIS!

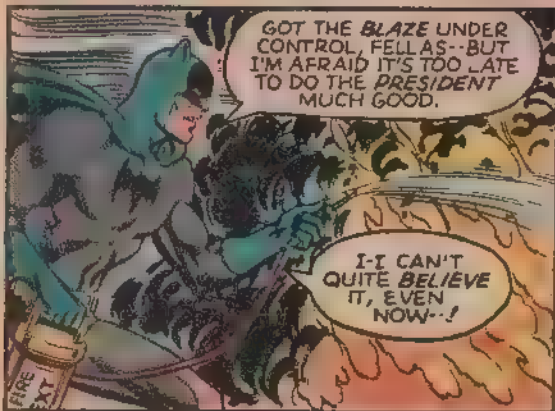
VULCAN! YOU MURDERING, MALEVOLENT JACKAL--



THIS IS FOR PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT!

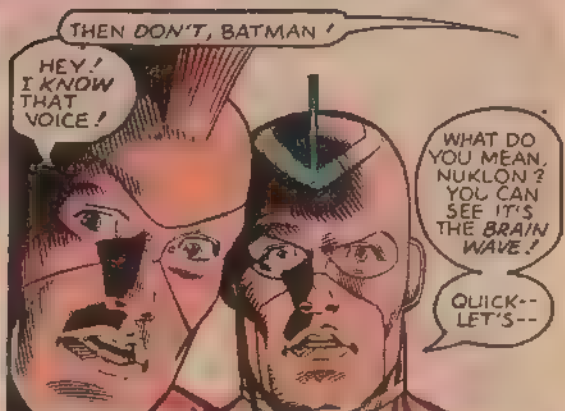
AND THIS IS FOR--UH--THE OTHER GUY!

ARRRHH--!



GOT THE BLAZE UNDER CONTROL, FELLAS-- BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S TOO LATE TO DO THE PRESIDENT MUCH GOOD.

I-I CAN'T QUITE BELIEVE IT, EVEN NOW--!

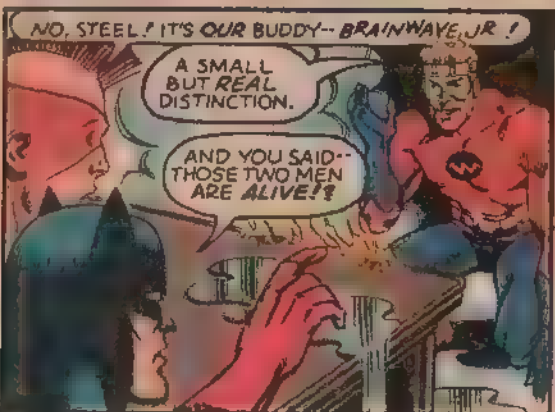


THEN DON'T, BATMAN!

HEY! I KNOW THAT VOICE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NUKLON? YOU CAN SEE IT'S THE BRAIN WAVE!

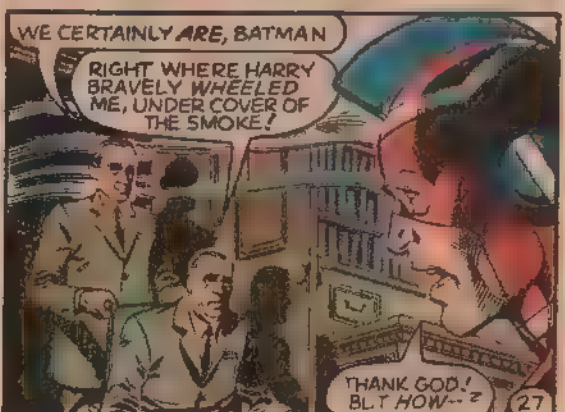
QUICK-- LET'S--



NO, STEEL! IT'S OUR BUDDY-- BRAINWAVE, JR.!

A SMALL BUT REAL DISTINCTION.

AND YOU SAID-- THOSE TWO MEN ARE ALIVE!?



WE CERTAINLY ARE, BATMAN

RIGHT WHERE HARRY BRAVELY WHEELED ME, UNDER COVER OF THE SMOKE!

THANK GOD! BUT HOW--?

DON'T YOU SEE? JUNIOR CREATED AN ILLUSION, JUST LIKE THIS FIRE THAT--

OWWW!

SORRY, NUKIE, THE FIRE'S ALL REAL

THEN I'LL SMOTHER IT WITH THIS SHEET OF ASBESTOS THE WHITE HOUSE KEEPS AROUND...

AND WE CAN GET BACK TO BUSINESS.

ACTUALLY, EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL HERE NOW...THOUGH I WISH I KNEW WHY NONE OF THE ACTIVE JUSTICE SOCIETY BOYS GOT INTO THIS THING.

BLAME MY WAR DEPARTMENT... NOT THE JSAs.

SIX OF THEM--THE HAWKMAN, STARMAN, JOHNNY THUNDER, SANDMAN, DR MID-NITE AND WONDER WOMAN, IF I RECALL GENERAL MARSHALL'S MEMORANDUM--ARE UNDER ORDERS TO STAND BY--

...UNTIL THE MOMENT WE CAN UNLEASH THEM AGAINST JAPAN'S DEADLY BLACK DRAGON SOCIETY.

I'LL ADMIT, THOUGH I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THE OTHER MEMBERS INCLUDING MY LITTLE FRIEND, THE ATOM...

HE'S BUSY ELSEWHERE RIGHT NOW, MR. PRESIDENT. BUT HE'S HALE AND HEARTY, NEVER FEAR.

YET, AS HE SPEAKS, COMMANDER STEEL THINKS SUDDEENLY OF DOCTOR FATE, ON A GRIM QUEST TO FIND THE MISSING SPECTRE.

AND REALIZES JUST HOW MUCH HE HAS STILL TO LEARN ABOUT THIS STRANGE BREED OF HUMAN-KIND CALLED... MYSTERY-MEN.

WHILE, BACK IN
NEW YORK, NEW
YORK!

ALL RIGHT,
ULTRA--
I'M READY.

PART
III

AN ENDING AND AN ENIGMA!

IT'S ABOUT TIME,
DR. GRAYSON. I WAS
BEGINNING TO THINK
WE WERE GOING TO
HAVE TO "PERSUADE"
YOU AGAIN.

AND I WAS HOPIN'
WE WERE, BOSS.

Y'KNOW, IT'S
GONNA BE
HARD, RELATIN'
TO YOU AS A
TIN SOLDIER,
AFTER--

THIS IS ON YOUR HEAD, CURTIS--
AS MUCH AS ON OURS.

IF YOU'D FREED US
EARLIER-- BEFORE THE
ULTRA-HUMANITE HAD SO
MANY OTHER HOSTAGES
TO HOLD OVER OUR
HEADS--?

PLEASE-- DON'T
BLAME TERRY,
SUPERMAN. YOU
DON'T KNOW,
JUST AS I
DIDN'T...

THANKS,
DANETTE. YOU
DON'T KNOW
HOW MUCH
IT MEANS TO
HEAR YOU
SAY THAT.

SILENCE!

I'LL TOLERATE NO
WHINING DURING
"MY SUPREME
MOMENT."

BEGIN THE OPERATION,
GRAYSON--AND REMEMBER,
THE POWERSTONE MUST
BE IMBEDDED IN MY NEW
ROBOT SKULL JUST AS IT HAS
BEEN IN DOLORES WINTERS'.

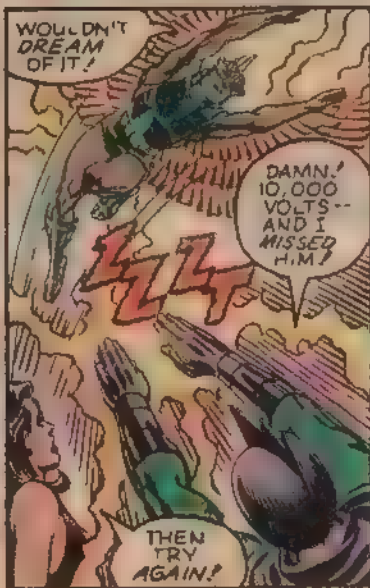
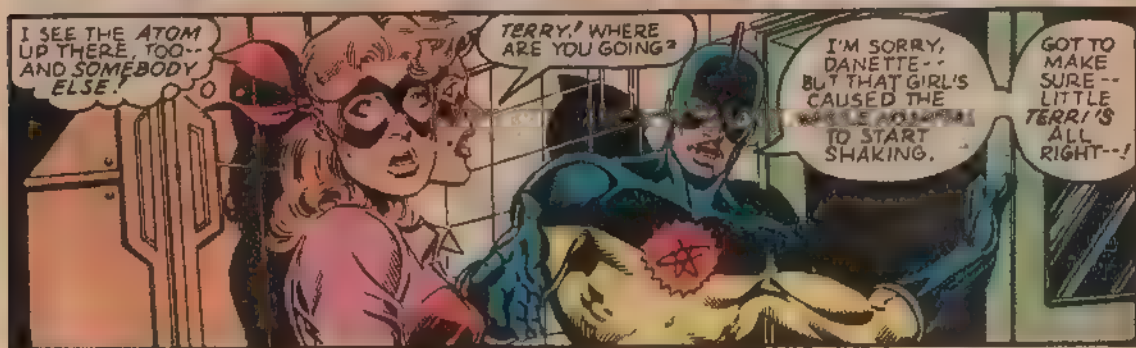
REMEMBER ? I ONLY WISH..
I COULD FORGET!

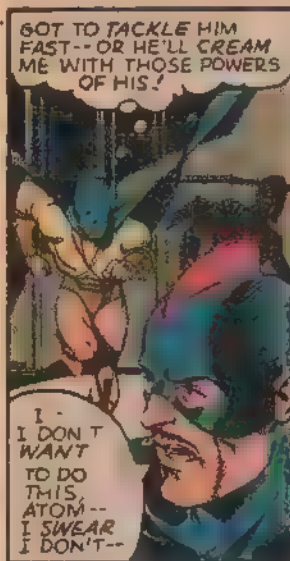
BOB..
OLD
FRIEND..
I.

JUST MAKE
IT QUICK AND
PAINLESS.
OKAY, CHUCK ?

YEAH...
SURE...

AND MAY GOD
HAVE MERCY
UPON MY
SOUL.





GOT TO TACKLE HIM FAST--OR HE'LL CREAM ME WITH THOSE POWERS OF HIS!

I - I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS, ATOM-- I SWEAR I DON'T--



--BUT YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME MUCH CHOICE!

DID YOU GIVE THAT COP A CHOICE--

--THE COP YOU BURIED UNDER TONS OF BRICK AND MORTAR

NO! I SWEAR I NEVER MEANT TO--

NO GOOD! I CAN FEEL THE MOLECULAR RADIATION FLOWING OUT OF HIM LIKE A TIDAL WAVE-- RAYS GOING RIGHT THROUGH ME!

* ISSUE #21 - ROY



SUDDENLY FEEL--WEAK AS A KITTEN--!

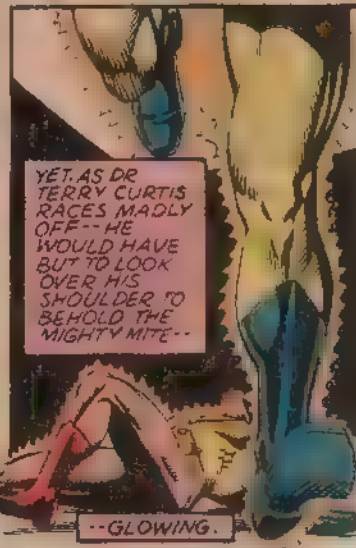
I'VE EXPENDED SO MUCH ATOM-ENERGY.. I MAY HAVE DOOMED YOU ALREADY.



BUT IF I HAVEN'T-- THEN MAYBE THIS'LL SAVE YOU!

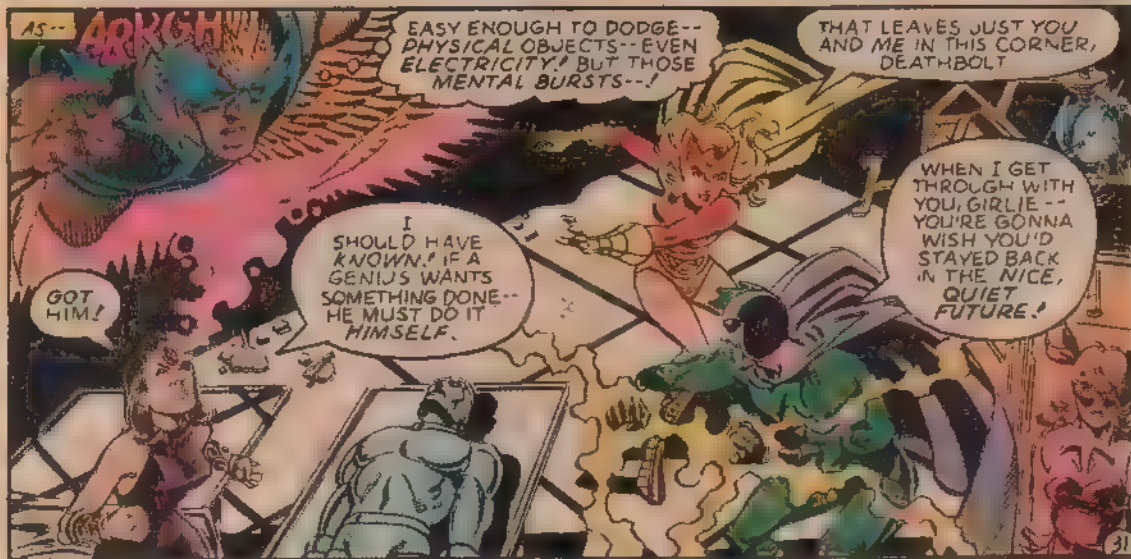
THAK!

UNNGH--!



YET, AS DR. TERRY CURTIS RACES MADLY OFF-- HE WOULD HAVE BUT TO LOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER TO BEHOLD THE MIGHTY MITE--

--GLOWING.



AS-- ARKCH

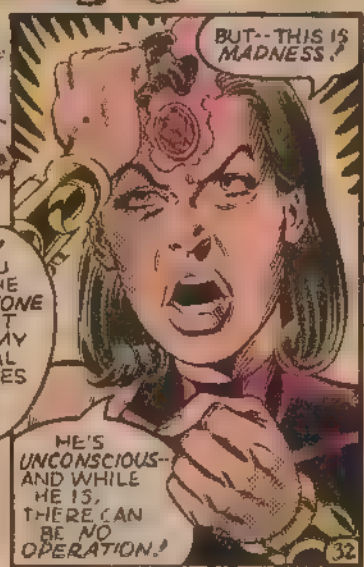
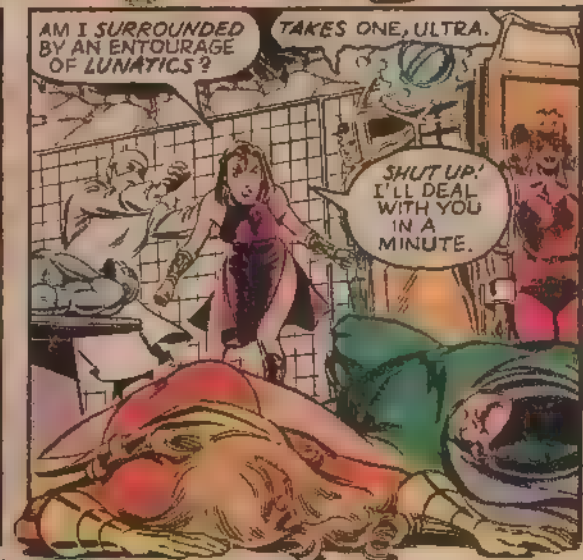
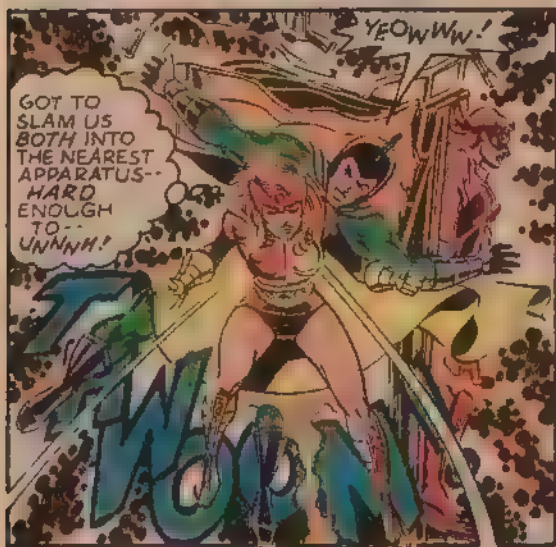
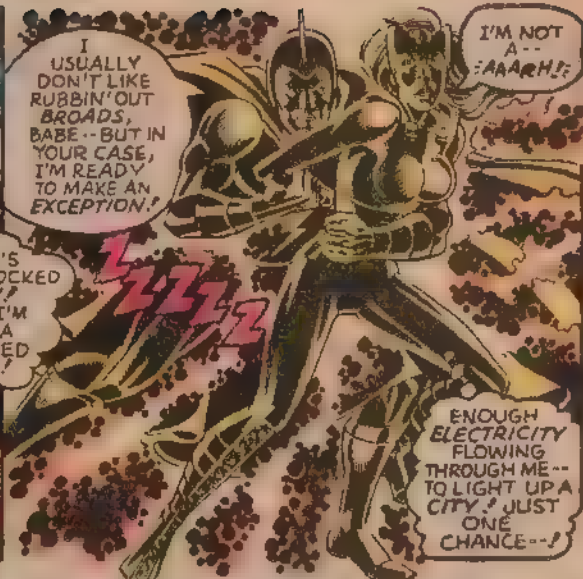
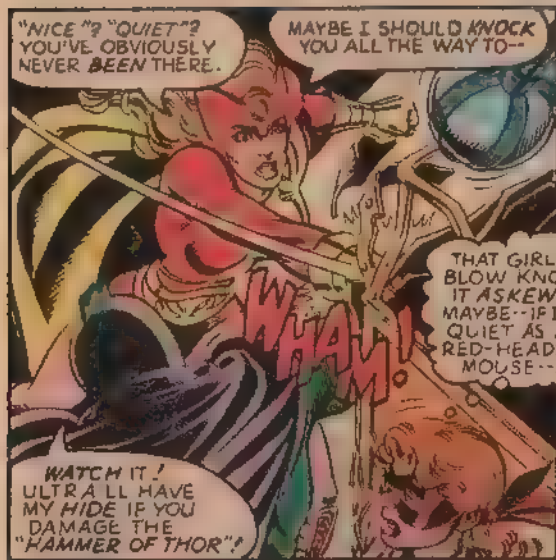
EASY ENOUGH TO DODGE-- PHYSICAL OBJECTS--EVEN ELECTRICITY! BUT THOSE MENTAL BURSTS--!

THAT LEAVES JUST YOU AND ME IN THIS CORNER, DEATHBOLT

GOT HIM!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! IF A GENIUS WANTS SOMETHING DONE-- HE MUST DO IT HIMSELF.

WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, GIRLIE -- YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU'D STAYED BACK IN THE NICE, QUIET FUTURE!





AND MAYBE THERE NEVER WILL BE-- 'CAUSE I'VE GOT SOME OF MY FIREPOWER BACK!

WAKE UP, GRAYSON!

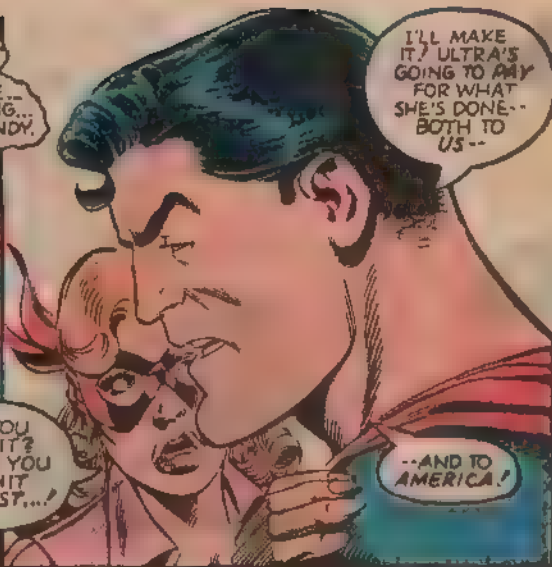
SLAP!



CAN'T HELP ROBOTMAN JUST NOW--BUT IF I CAN ONLY FREE THE MAN OF STEEL--!

NICE-- GOING... BRANDY.

CAN YOU MAKE IT? I KNOW YOU WERE HIT HARDEST...!

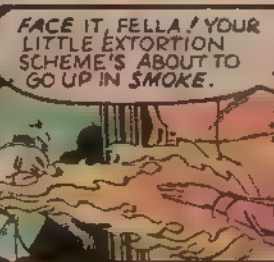


I'LL MAKE IT! ULTRA'S GOING TO PAY FOR WHAT SHE'S DONE-- BOTH TO US--

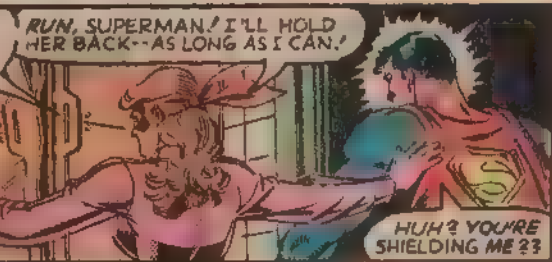
--AND TO AMERICA!



SUPERMAN--FIREBRAND-- FREE??

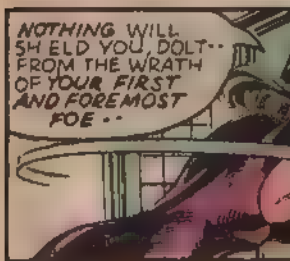


FACE IT, FELLA! YOUR LITTLE EXTORTION SCHEME'S ABOUT TO GO UP IN SMOKE.

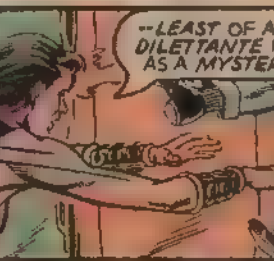


RUN, SUPERMAN! I'LL HOLD HER BACK--AS LONG AS I CAN!

HUH? YOU'RE SHIELDING ME??



NOTHING WILL STOP ME, DOLT-- FROM THE WRATH OF YOUR FIRST AND FOREMOST FOE--



--LEAST OF ALL A NEW YORK DILETTANTE MASQUERADING AS A MYSTERY-WOMAN!

OO-OH--!

SHE'S SO STRONG-- LIKE SOMEONE POSSESSED!



IF ALL ELSE FAILS I CAN STILL ESCAPE-- AND LIVE TO PLOT ANEW.

BUT FIRST-- WITH THIS HAMMER, PULSING WITH EERIE ALIEN POWER--



EXIT TO ROOF

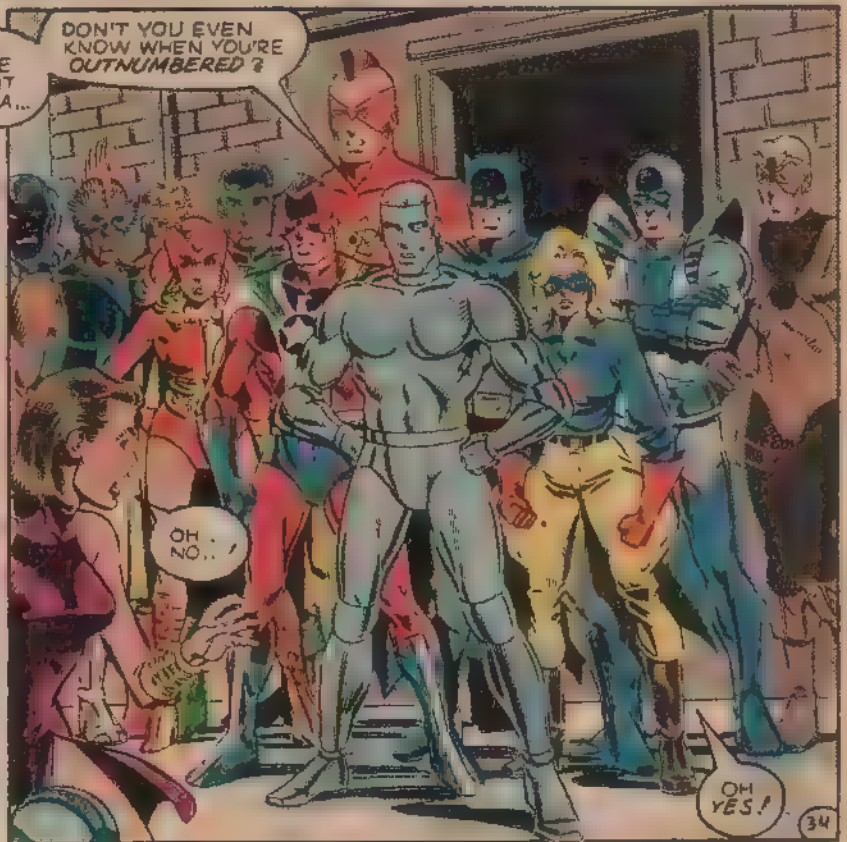
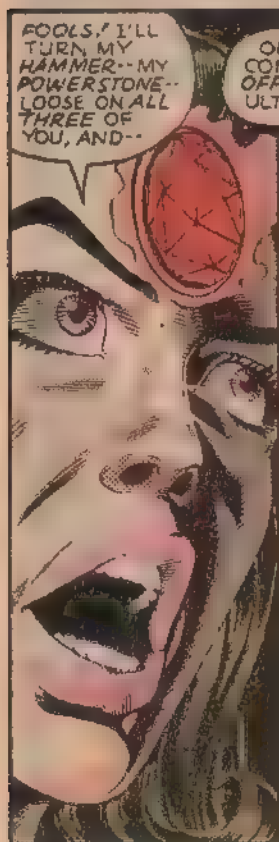
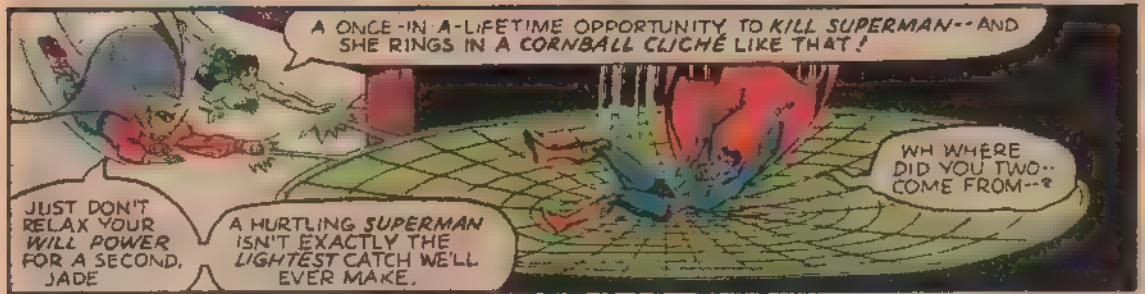
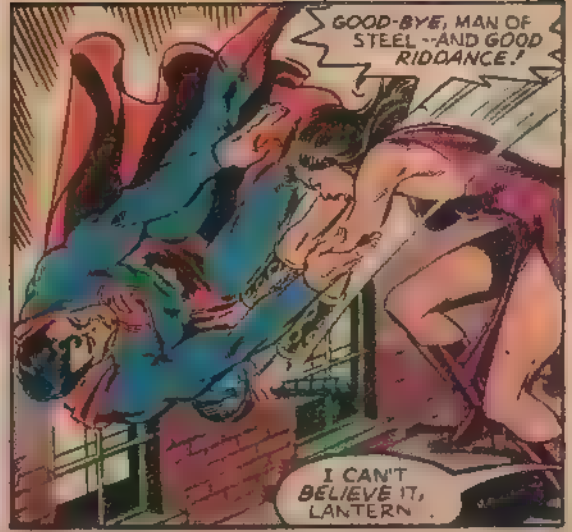
I'LL TAKE MY LONG-DEFERRED REVENGE ON SUPERMAN!

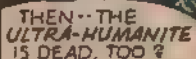
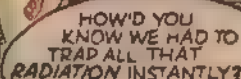
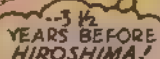
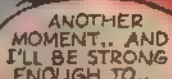
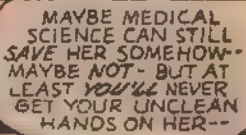
JUST A FEW MORE STEPS..



M-MADE IT! MAYBE--ULTRA WILL KILL ME--BUT AT LEAST I LURED HIM AWAY--FROM ALL THE INNOCENT PATIENTS IN THE HOSPITAL--!

YOU'VE RUN OUT OF ROOM, OLD FRIEND--





HOW CAN HE BE--WHEN WE ALL KNOW HE EXISTED AS LATE AS THE 60'S IN THE BODY OF AN APE?

AND TERRY CURTIS DIED--KNOWING HE'D PAID SOCIETY BACK FOR THAT NEW YORK COP HE ACCIDENTALLY KILLED--

I JUST HOPE DOLORES WINTERS--THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS WHOSE BODY HE STOLE--IS AT PEACE AT LAST.

--A DEATH WHICH HAD TORTURED HIM, EVER SINCE.

"ISSUE #21--R

I GUESS BOTH OUR ERAS CAN DO WITHOUT THE POWERSTONE--OR THE "HAMMER OF THOR."

AMEN.

BUT THERE ARE STILL A MILLION QUESTIONS THAT--WHAT'S WRONG?

SUDDEN--PAIN IN MY MIDDLE!

M-ME, TOO! HITTING--ALL OF US!

WHAT CAN IT BE, BRAINWAVE?

WE LUCKED OUT--STOPPING ULTRA WITHOUT CAUSING TIME ITSELF TO COME UNRAVELLED--

--BUT I GUESS HE HAD THIS ALL PLANNED.

PROBABLY SOME DEFECT IN THE TIME CAPSULE THAT BROUGHT THESE SIX BACK TO '42--ANOTHER FEW SECONDS, AND IT MIGHT WELL KILL THEM!

AT LEAST, WE--UH--

JADE--TAKE MY LEFT HAND IN YOURS!

S-SURE, BUT--

I CAN'T BE CERTAIN--BUT MY RING IS INCREDIBLY ANCIENT--AND IF ANYTHING AROUND HERE CAN CANCEL OUT WHAT'S TEARING YOU APART, IT CAN!

MAYBE YOUR STRANGE POWER PULSE CAN HELP, TOO

THE REST OF YOU INFINITY, INC. PEOPLE--JOIN HANDS AROUND US--AND CONCENTRATE! HURRY!

DO AS HE SAYS! IT MAY BE OUR ONLY CHANCE.

NOW THINK, ALL OF YOU--THINK OF THE FUTURE!

THINK OF 1983--THE MOMENT YOU LEFT--THE PLACE YOU LEFT!

YOU TOO, BRAINWAVE--THINK!

IN LATER YEARS, GREEN LANTERN WILL TWICE SEND TIME-LOST ADVENTURERS BACK TO THEIR PROPER ERA--"SO HIS DESPERATE HUNCH IS RIGHT..."



"ALL-STAR # 29 AND 35. --Roy.

YET, NO ONE COULD BE MORE ASTONISHED THAN HE, WHEN SUDDENLY--

HOLY HANNAH! THEY'RE FADING AWAY--JUST AS WE DID BEFORE!



CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING



I JUST HOPE THEY END UP BACK IN OUR FUTURE -- 'CAUSE, LOOK!

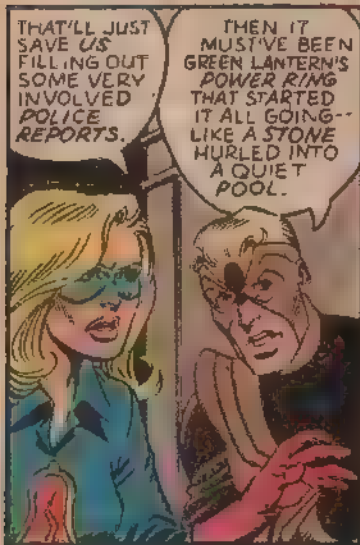
FLASH AND THE REST! GLAD YOU WERE SAFE IN LIMBO-- WHERE BRAINWAVE JR. SAID HE TRICKED ULTRA INTO SENDING YOU

PERSONALLY, OLD BLDDY, I'LL TAKE A TIME TRAVEL STINT, ANY DAY.

FLASH AND I SAW THOSE SECRET SOCIETY CLOWNS TAKE OUR PLACE IN LIMBO.

HUH? I DIDN'T?

YOU'RE JUST NOT USED TO SEEING EVERYTH'NG IN SLOW MOTION LIKE WE ARE, GUARDIAN.



THAT'LL JUST SAVE US FILLING OUT SOME VERY INVOLVED POLICE REPORTS.

THEN IT MUST'VE BEEN GREEN LANTERN'S POWER RING THAT STARTED IT ALL GOING-- LIKE A STONE HURLED INTO A QUIET POOL.



MORE LIKE SEVERAL STONES HURLED INTO THE SAME POOL, FELLA. THEIR RIPPLES INTER SECTING! MAIN THING IS, EVERYBODY'S IN THE RIGHT PERIOD AGAIN.

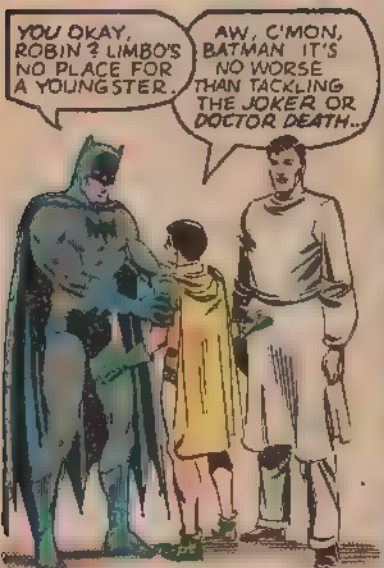
TOO BAD I WAS ITCHIN' TO GET MY MITTS ON THEM GUYS AGAIN.

ANOTHER-- YOU SHOULD EXCLUDE THE EXPRESSION-- TIME.



MY FIELD'S TECHNOLOGY, NOT THEORY - BUT ANYWAY, CAN WE ASSUME IT'S ALL OVER NOW?

SEEMS THAT WAY.



YOU OKAY, ROBIN? LIMBO'S NO PLACE FOR A YOUNGSTER.

AW, C'MON, BATMAN IT'S NO WORSE THAN TACKLING THE JOKER OR DOCTOR DEATH...



... AND BESIDES, IT WAS MORE THAN WORTH IT-- TO FIND OUT AN ORPHAN KID'S GOT A LEAST ONE BLOOD-RELATIVE IN THIS NUTTY WORLD.

AS SOMEBODY ELSE SAID, AMEN.



HMMM.. IF I'M NOT UNDER ARREST, I GUESS THAT MEANS YOU GOT THE NOTE I LEFT AT MT. ST HELENS?

WE SURE DID.

SORRY I DIDN'T TRUST YOU BEFORE, EVERETT.

MAKE THAT WILL. 57

JUST WISH WE'D GOT SOME MORE ANSWERS BEFORE THOSE KIDS VANISHED.

STICK AROUND FORTY YEARS OR SO, BATMAN-- AND YOU'LL PROBABLY GET ALL YOU WANT.*

STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY CURTIS-- CYCLOTRON-- WENT ALONG WITH ULTRA FOR SO LONG--

--SINCE HE OBVIOUSLY HATED HIM/HER.

*AND SO WILL YOU, IN THE PREMIERE ISSUE OF INFINITY, INC., ON SALE A FEW SHORT MONTHS FROM NOW.

--Roy

THAT'S BECAUSE NONE OF YOU HAVE SEEN THE SIDE OF TERRY CURTIS THAT I HAVE, ATOM.

HE KNEW HE WAS SLOWLY DYING OF ATOMIC RADIATION-- KEPT ALIVE BY ULTRA'S MACHINES.

HE FEARED HIS INFANT DAUGHTER WOULD DIE, TOO, UNLESS HE PLAYED ALONG WITH THAT MADMAN.

HIS DAUGHT--?

COME ON. I'LL SHOW YOU.

GREAT SCOTT! BUT SURELY THERE'S SOMETHING SCIENCE CAN--

IT'S GONNA TRY-- IF IT TAKES THE WHOLE REILLY FORTUNE!

THIS BABY IS MY TOP PRIORITY FROM HERE ON.

AFTER ALL, TERRENCE AND I WERE LOVERS SEVERAL YEARS BACK, IN COLLEGE--AND IF I HADN'T BEEN QUITE THE WAY I AM--

--THIS LITTLE GIRL COULD HAVE BEEN MINE.

HI, THERE, TERRI. YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT...

I PROMISE YOU.

I-- I'D LIKE TO DO WHATEVER I CAN, BRANDY.

ATOM, YOU DON'T HAVE TO--

I KNOW. I JUST WANT TO.

LOOK, BELLE, I KNOW YOU'RE CHAIRWOMAN AND ALL... BUT HOW ABOUT A WELCOME-HOME BREAKFAST?

SURE... BUT ACTUALLY IT'S CLOSER TO DINNER.

TIME SURE FLIES WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN.

IT JUST SANK IN ON ME-- IF BRAINWAVE JR. KNEW ABOUT IT, I MUST'VE FINISHED THAT BOOK ON THIS ERA'S MYSTERY-MEN THAT I'VE STARTED.

THAT'LL SURE BE ENCOURAGING... NEXT TIME I HAVE A WRITER'S BLOCK!

NOW, FOR A MOMENT, ALL UNPLEASANTNESS IS FORGOTTEN: THE PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS OF THE ULTRA-HUMANITE AND CREW... THE TIME-WRENCHED EVIL OF THE SECRET SOCIETY OF SUPER-VILLAINS... YES, EVEN THE MAYHEM AND MASS MURDER WHICH ARE GOING ON, EACH DAY, ALL AROUND THE EARTH, IN THE NAME OF CONCEPTS LIKE FATHERLAND AND FREEDOM.

A LIFE HAS BEEN TAKEN; ANOTHER LIFE, PERHAPS, MAY YET BE SAVED.

A BALANCE HAS BEEN ACHIEVED, AT LEAST FOR A FLEETING INSTANT.

AND THAT, PERHAPS, IS ALL THAT ANYONE CAN ASK, IN A WORLD MADE AND GOVERNED BY VERY, VERY IMPERFECT HUMAN BEINGS...!



UH...
LISTEN, BRANDY...
ABOUT THE MATTER
OF CHANGING
DIAPERS...

AND, FORTHCOMING IN
ALL-STAR SQUADRON # 27,
ON SALE ANY DAY NOW!

THE JUSTICE SOCIETY
OF AMERICA, GUEST-STARRING --

THE SPECTRE

JUST FOR KICKS, WE ASKED ACE ARTIST JERRY ORDWAY TO DRAW HIS OWN RE rendition OF THE VERY FIRST JSA MEETING, FROM THE COVER OF ALL-STAR COMICS #3, WINTER 1940. WE DON'T THINK OUR HEROES EVER HAD IT SO GOOD. HOW ABOUT YOU? --R.T.

ALL-STAR Comics



SPECIAL NOTE: Instead of squeezing in a one-page letters section, we thought this Annual might be the best place to reprint, for the first time ever since 1942, the third page of ALL-STAR COMICS #11, the first post-Pearl Harbor issue of the Justice Society's original magazine. As readers of ALL-STAR SQUADRON #6 will recognize, this is one of the pages in which the JSAers all resigned in order to enlist in the U.S. armed services. The writer, of course, was Gardner F. Fox, and the art (utilizing the styles of the heroes' solo-story artists) is by Jack Burnley. —R.T.

